

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

DECEMBER 1862.

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"THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE."

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

DECEMBER 1862.

MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

CHAPTER XXV.

GOLDEN DREAMS.

I HAD heard from Porson that Mr. Stephen had been worse; that the German doctors pronounced his malady a slight attack of nervous fever, that he was still quite confined to his own room, and in what Porson expressively called a "very poor, low state indeed."

This intelligence had rendered the latter half of my journey far from lively, and the weather being damp and cheerless—early November weather—I arrived at my destination in that enviable condition of mind and body which is understood by the familiar words "quite worn out."

"Poor child, poor child!" said Mrs. Howard, tenderly embracing me and pushing back all my tumbled hair from my white face: "why you are only the spectre of your former self. This has been a sad, sad termination to our wanderings, Miriam, but we will nurse you up, now we have got you once more to ourselves. I am so happy to have you, my little girl, and Stephen will be so happy too. We have talked about you continually, but you must rest now, my weary one, and Martin shall bring you some tea. I am longing to hear your voice again, Miriam, but to-night you shall not speak at all. Poor child, poor child!"

By this time I was tucked up, with innumerable shawls and cushions surrounding me, upon the softest of French sofas, and with Mrs. Howard sitting close beside me and holding both my unresisting hands. Too tired really to have much of a will of my own at present, and yet dying to ask questions, and annoyed at being "fussed over" myself, as if I and not Stephen were just then the chief object of interest and anxiety.

"How is Mr. Howard?" I said, the instant I got an opportunity of opening my lips, and thinking that by avoiding the familiar Christian name my eagerness to hear about him would be less apparent.

"Better," replied his step-mother, insinuating yet another cushion under my already regally supported head; "as you may judge when I tell you that he started this morning, in defiance of medical orders, for Schwartzen. He pretends that there are no hotels there fit for ladies to stay at, and so he has gone to secure an apartment for us with servants and all other necessaries. I am afraid this is a sad act of imprudence, as far as he is himself concerned; but men are obstinate creatures, you know, Miriam, and when he had once made up his mind, there was no gainsaying him."

"Then, it may be days and days before I see him," burst from me almost wailingly and quite impulsively, as Mrs. Howard ceased speaking; "he might have waited till I arrived."

"Dear child," said my indulgent friend, without betraying the least surprise at the foolish words that had escaped me; "I think he has gone more for your sake than either for mine or his own. He thought you would need extra comforts in your delicate state of health, and he spoke about some romantic chateau standing in a wood that used to be let ready furnished, and which he seemed bent upon securing for us, if possible."

"He is very kind—too kind," I replied; but oppressed by weakness and fatigue I could not help feeling the disappointment of his absence keenly, and do what I would to prevent it a flood of silly tears *would* come, adding immeasurably to my own distress and embarrassment, and filling poor, nervous Mrs. Howard with excitement and anxiety.

Fortunately at this point, and just as my companion had begun to kiss and pet me like a spoiled child, as I truly was, Martin arrived with a tray of refreshments, and under the influence of other eyes, and aided, perhaps, by a cup of strong tea, my nerves regained somewhat of their tone, and I was able to eat and drink like a rational being.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Howard—again peremptorily forbidding any talking on my part—spoke openly and unreservedly to me of her hopes concerning my future. She acknowledged that from the first, that is as soon as her liking for me commenced, she had indulged a strong desire that her step-son should share this liking, that with this view she had planned our continental journey, and done all that suggested itself to her as calculated to favour the prepossession she believed we had both at our first meeting conceived for each other.

“But there came a time,” she added, “when I thought I had reason to fear that I had been only a miserable bungler after all, marring instead of making my good little Miriam’s happiness. The circumstances of my own past life have rendered me strangely suspicious where men’s hearts are concerned, and I am quick to detect the least appearance of wavering or change in their too often inconstant affections. I was very wretched, Miriam, while fearing that your peace of mind had been trifled with, but I hold the opinion that love is far too sacred a thing to bear the interference of any third party—unacknowledged love especially—so I could only wait and wait, and endeavour, in the meanwhile, to keep you as much apart from Stephen as possible. Then came my long illness, followed immediately by your’s, at the very beginning of which my step-son returned to me. From this time, Miriam, be very sure, I have watched him narrowly, still maintaining the strictest silence—of this I give you my solemn word—on the subject so near my heart. The result of my watching has been a firm, settled conviction that you are very dear to him, and that you will not long be left in ignorance of the fact. In words, indeed, he has been as reserved with me as I with him, but I know you are in all his thoughts. I have seen him grow pale, as men only grow from strong emotion, at the sudden mention of your name; I have noticed that firm hand of his trembling when I have talked cheerfully and gladly about your coming to us again, and many other signs I have observed tending to produce the same conviction in my mind, and to give me more than a hope that my dearest Miriam will soon belong to me even more fully than I persuade myself she does at present. Stephen Howard has a noble nature and a rare chivalric tenderness towards women that cannot fail to ensure the happiness of his wife. By the bye, Miriam, I had to write a few lines to your father the other day, as with the packet I forwarded to you was a note addressed to me, begging me to reply to him in the event of illness having occasioned your long silence. I simply explained that we had thought it kind to refrain from telling them

of your state until all danger was entirely over, and—forgive me, dear child, if I have done wrong—I just hinted at the prospects I am quite sure are in store for you, as some sort of an excuse for detaining you still abroad with us, in case your parents might make the fever you have passed through a plea for recalling you to England.”

I did assuredly consider this a little premature, but the whole conversation of my future mother-in-law—as she jestingly called herself already—had made me so supremely happy that I was in no humour to find fault with anything; and if ever golden dreams visited mortal pillow, they visited mine, in spite of all my bodily weariness, that night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT SCHWARTZEN.

We were in Schwartzen at last—driving through its narrow grass-grown streets, gazing out at its dark melancholy looking houses—melancholy enough at all times, but rendered doubly so now by the cold November rain that was beating against their dusky windows, and dripping heavily from their quaintly fashioned roofs, and filling the whole atmosphere with a gloom that certainly set off to poor advantage the fairyland of which Stephen had so often boasted.

“Truly none but a lover could find any charm in a scene or a place like this,” said Mrs. Howard, shivering back into her warm corner, after having given one hasty glance down the long street we were then passing through. “If our chateau does not look more inviting than anything we have yet seen, I promise Mr. Stephen *my* sojourn in it will be but brief. A honeymoon, under the brightest of circumstances, *might* be endurable at this Schwartzen—nothing else could be, in *my* opinion; but what do you think about it, Miriam?”

“I am simply wondering whence its attractions in Stephen’s eyes could have been derived. Certainly he could never have stayed here in the month of November. It looks to me fearfully and terribly dreary.”

“Yet you are looking bright enough yourself, my little Miriam, almost as bright as you were before you began to nurse me in my illness. I am glad I did not bring you to Stephen until a few of

your roses had come back to you—he would have been frightened had he seen you a week ago. The air and waters of V— have really done wonders in your case.”

“Or something else,” I thought, “more potent than all the air and all the waters in the world”—but I only said “Yes, indeed”—and then, greatly preferring silence in the increasing agitation of my feelings as we approached our destination, gazed out of the carriage window again at the thick dripping wood through which our road now lay.

Another quarter of an hour, during which Mrs. Howard was content to leave me to my own meditations, and then the temporary home that Stephen had secured for us, and where he was waiting to receive us, rose into view.

A very grim, solemn looking building, more in the style of a monastery than of a chateau, standing in the very heart of the wood we had entered from the town, and surrounded by tangled shrubberies that were only divided by a sunken fence from the wilderness beyond. In summer time I could fancy such a place not devoid of attractions: even now, under this gray November sky, there was a weird kind of beauty in its very desolation that might please the romantic and imaginative—those who liked the sunshine less than the shade—but, for my own part, I beheld the whole scene with a sort of shuddering awe, and an earnest hope that Stephen’s odd fancy for the place would not hereafter condemn me to pass much of my time in it.

Mrs. Howard was evidently not impressed in the same way.

“I can admire this,” she said, drawing a deep breath as we entered a rude unweeded carriage drive leading to the house, “and in some measure sympathize with Stephen’s love for it. In all my wanderings I have never yet fallen upon so wild and ghostly a spot; but for a young man quite alone it must have been something more than “*un peu monotone*.” Oh, Miriam, how delighted he will be to see us arrive!”

No doubt of that at least. The rain had quite ceased now, and there was even a faint streak of blue in the clouded sky above us. I hailed it as an omen of good, and feigned to be intently occupied in watching its gradual extension that my face, with all its tell-tale changes, might be kept turned from my companion.

“There is Stephen on the steps,” she said abruptly, and from that moment I saw nothing clearly, understood nothing clearly, till I was seated by a blazing fire in a flower decorated, cheerful apartment, and he was standing and talking quietly and naturally beside me.

It was very ridiculous, but no less true, that my own feelings having been wrought up during the last hour to a pitch of feverish excitement, in which everything wore a stilted and unfamiliar aspect, the fact of Stephen receiving me calmly and asking the most common-place questions about our journey, impressed me as strange and unaccountable and struck a chill to my spirit which not all the warmth and brightness of the room, his taste and thoughtfulness had decked for us, were at once able to dispel.

Presently, however, while he still stood talking, less to me than to his step-mother, I grew composed enough to notice how very ill he looked himself, how greatly he was altered in every way since we had last met. This conviction fastening itself upon my mind, drove all merely selfish thoughts far from it, and did more towards bringing me down from the clouds than anything else could have done. I was listening eagerly to the questions Mrs. Howard was asking him about himself, when suddenly he turned from her and fixed his eyes steadfastly on me.

"You are getting quite strong and well again I see, Emily, and my Schwartzen will not have the credit of recovering you after all. By the bye, you have seen it under a most unfavourable aspect to-day, and are rather prejudiced against it than in its favour, I am afraid."

The words were simple and unsuggestive enough—common-place as all the words he had yet spoken had been—but his look and voice both gave me an indescribably painful impression—an impression of mental suffering, bravely struggled with, but existing and torturing him none the less, nay, more, for the very efforts he was making to hide it.

"You are not getting either strong or well," I said in reply to the words he had addressed to me. "I never saw anybody so changed in a short time. I hope at least that Schwartzen will deserve the credit of recovering you."

"I think it will, if I want recovering," he answered lightly; "but perhaps you ladies will be pleased now to view your respective apartments, while I inquire as to the chances of our obtaining some dinner within half an hour."

We were all tolerably cheerful, or appeared so at any rate, during dinner; but as soon as the meal was over Mrs. Howard complained of one of her bad headaches, and said she would lie down in her own room until tea-time.

"And you may come and read to me for a little while, Miriam," she added, as I was about to offer my services. "I daresay this gentleman, having during his week's solitude contracted bachelor

habits, will be glad to smoke his cigar in peace while we are away."

"If you *will* desert me," Stephen replied, as he rose to open the door for us, "I shall occupy myself in writing letters, for these old woods have made me very lazy since I came here."

I had been reading aloud for about three parts of an hour—reading disgracefully, though, I am sure, for my thoughts were all the time careering like wild horses through my brain, when Mrs. Howard suddenly said :

"I am getting sleepy, my dear Miriam, therefore I won't trouble you any longer. Go down now and make the tea, and let Martin bring me a cup up-stairs. I will join you later in the evening."

Very, very slowly I went, in spite of my inward satisfaction at the task imposed on me; very, very thickly beat my heart, when at length I stood outside the door which still separated between me and Stephen, and stupidly, childishly nervous I felt and must have looked, as I finally turned the handle of the door, and advanced a few steps into the room where we had left him.

But for the small lamp I carried myself, it would have been all total darkness, for the fire had died entirely out, there were neither candles nor lamp upon the table, and the night was too clouded and obscure to allow even a star to shine through the still uncurtained windows.

At the same table where we had dined, and from which the dessert was yet unremoved, sat Stephen Howard, his arms supporting his head, his face hidden between his hands, and something in his whole attitude as suggestive of mental pain, as his look and voice had been on our first arrival. For a moment I thought he might have fallen asleep, but, as I went nearer to him, making, however, as little noise as possible, he lifted his head abruptly—almost impatiently I could have fancied, had it been anybody but Stephen—and displayed a face so white, so careworn, so full of deep distress, that I nearly dropped the light I was holding, in the shock his strange aspect occasioned me.

There are moments, I believe, in the lives of all men, and especially of all women—even of the calmest and most prosaic—when impulse alone, sometimes of the maddest kind, becomes their guide, and impels them to words or deeds that seem utterly at variance with their recognised characters or inclinations.

Such an impulse it must have been that prompted me now, while my whole heart was bleeding for the sufferings of this man who had so long possessed it, while my whole womanly nature was crying out for the privilege of learning and soothing his pain, to

kneel down in a passion of tears beside him, and to pour out a rush of wild and unstudied words, meant indeed to express only the profound and earnest sympathy I was feeling for him in his too manifest distress, but alas! giving him, at the same time, the full assurance that it was because he was dearer to me than life itself, that I thus felt and wept for him!

Again I say alas!—for I think a woman would do well to choose death rather than to tell a man, either by word, or look, or deed, that she loves him, *before* he has in the most unequivocal manner made a similar confession to her.

What followed I shall remember with a bitterness and shame that time can scarcely diminish till the latest day of my life.

Stephen had appeared at first to listen to me like a person in a dream—perhaps hardly able to dissociate what he was actually hearing from the troubled thoughts my entrance had disturbed; and as I spoke very rapidly—delivered all my mad words in little more than a single breath—he did not interrupt me till I had quite finished, and my sobs alone were breaking the stillness around us.

Then with a groan that seemed to come from his very soul he stood up, and drew me with *something* less than his wonted gentleness from my kneeling posture.

"Emily," he said—and the light of my bed-room lamp falling on his face, showed me that it was set to an unnatural and painful sternness—"Emily, I will begin my explanation at the right place this time. There must be no more misunderstandings between you and me. Consider all you have just said as *unsaid*, and trust implicitly to my doing so—" He drew another long breath, and his lips became a degree whiter as he added, still in the firm, cold voice he had assumed:

"For I am your cousin Miriam's husband!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

ENDING OF THE SUMMER DAYS.

"For I am your cousin Miriam's husband!"

I think these words, spoken by him whom for a considerable time I had looked on almost as my own husband, must for the moment have stunned me. Certainly the immediate effect of them was very peculiar and unusual. It appeared to me as if a long interval had elapsed between the hearing of them and the next occurrence of which I had any consciousness. This next occurrence

was the lightest possible touch of Stephen's hand on my hand, and I recoiled from it, not intentionally but instinctively, as if I had received a sudden stab.

"Emily," he said then, and his voice, in betraying how greatly he was suffering, again appealed loudly to my sympathy—"Emily, you can never condemn me as severely as I condemn myself, but I *must* ask you to suspend your final judgment till you have heard all, and to-night you are in no condition for listening to a long story. I have startled and bewildered you by the confession that ought to have been made months ago. You are very cold too"—(for again he touched my hand and this time I did not shrink from him)—"come, let us ring and have the fire re-lighted and the lamp brought in: you will make tea for me once more, Emily?"

I think if I had not been turned to stone I must have melted at these last words, spoken in a voice of gentle, humble entreaty, as if he really felt himself a criminal and undeserving of the least forbearance on my part: but his *first* words had steeled me, for the time at least, against any manifestation of softness or womanly weakness—I did not for a moment forget that I was standing face to face with my "cousin Miriam's husband"—and so I replied simply, and in a tolerably firm voice, that it *was* cold to-night, and that I would willingly make tea for him.

That Stephen expected a far different reception of his long-delayed confession I can easily believe; he had known me only as a weak, loving, trusting girl; he forgot that wrong will often convert suddenly such girls into cold, self-reliant, and *apparently* strong women. I could not help now the fact of his knowing that I had loved him; I would not even seek to unsay the words that in the blindness and innocence of my heart I had that night spoken, but at least, I would convince him, though I should die in the effort, that I recognised the difference between the Stephen Howard I had been taught to consider a free man, and Stephen Howard, my cousin Miriam's husband.

And does anybody think that I made these laudable resolutions calmly, coldly! that I suffered little, sitting there with my hands clasped idly before me, watching the servant's movements as she kindled the wood fire on the hearth, while Stephen paced up and down the long room like one whose mind is tempest tossed and distracted.

In truth, I suffered horribly—it is an ugly word, but it expresses what I felt, and therefore I use it. I believed the sun had gone out for me for ever, that I was condemned to perpetual darkness, that nothing either in earth or heaven could henceforth remove the sense

of cruel desolation that filled my heart. Cruel, utter desolation!—that was it; and harder and harder it pressed upon me as the slow moments went by, and nothing broke the one agonizing train of thought which pursued me, but the sharp crackling of the wood upon the hearth, and Stephen's restless tread upon the bare polished floor.

Suddenly he stopped close beside me, and then for the first time looking up I discovered that we were alone again. I could not help a shiver as he took a chair and drew it near to mine.

"You are still cold, Emily," he said kindly and tenderly as of old—(Stephen was a much worse actor than myself)—"it was so thoughtless and stupid of me to let the fire go out."

"It is almost winter now, you know," I answered as lightly as I could, and even trying to smile; "we have come too late to your enchanting Schwartzen after all; but the woods, I noticed, have a little foliage still, so perhaps I may yet catch a parting glimpse of their autumn, if not of their summer beauty."

Our eyes met for a moment as I thus spoke, and a new pang shot through my heart at something that I thought that momentary glance betrayed. He only said:

"The summer days have indeed gone, Emily, and left us stranded on a shore I never purposed to reach. Let us bravely work together in getting away from it, knowing, *as we both do*, that there can be no rest for us here."

He was right—right in his assertion and exhortation, right in giving me a motive apart from myself for struggling to be free, right (at least I think he was) in hinting to me that I should not have to work alone. *After* this, he never by word or look or sign intimated that his interest in me was greater than he might legitimately feel for his wife's cousin. And yet we had some troublous days together too.

Mrs. Howard did not come down again that evening. She probably thought we should not have welcomed her had she done so, and preferred anticipating in the quiet of her own room the happy and blushing disclosures of the morrow. There would have been ample time for telling and listening to the "all" which Stephen had promised me, but I did not ask for it—my curiosity on this occasion was far from importunate, and Stephen himself appeared too mentally weary to care for acting the part of narrator that night. Very soon after tea, of which we had both of us only made a pretence of partaking, I said I was dreadfully tired from our long, cold journey, and would go to bed.

"And to sleep well and refreshingly, I fervently hope," he

replied, taking eagerly the hand I now voluntarily extended to him; "your face is too pale to-night for me to dare to look at it, but I know by the strength and goodness that are in you that it will grow bright and rosy again, and though *these* summer days are gone, others will dawn for you whose end will fulfil their early promise. Dear Emily, cousin Emily, tell me that from this hour you will begin to hope at least as much for yourself."

No, I could not tell a lie even to please him. I might shut out all the past resolutely and sternly, because it would be sin as well as shame to do otherwise, but I could not look into the future either hopefully or despairingly—there can be no future in the contemplation of those who feel that their hearts are broken. Did Pauline Mountjoy look into the future on the night when she found herself betrayed and deserted? did she *ever*, after that, look into the future except to plan the revenge which she subsequently accomplished? But I?—I had no revenge either to plot or execute. I would do all I could to promote Stephen's happiness even with my cousin Miriam—was *he* not my cousin too—might I not follow his example and say to him now, by way of experimenting on the pretty word, "good-night, cousin Stephen!"

But my tongue was stubborn yet, and would not frame the very proper sentence. I think I must have smiled dolefully in his face while he stood waiting for an answer to what he had asked me, for he said abruptly, and in a tone of strong emotion:

"I would rather see a woman cry the hottest tears than smile as you are doing now, Emily. I cannot talk to you to-night, but to-morrow if it is fine and you feel able, come with me into the woods and then when you know all the past you shall yourself be my counsellor and guide and helper as to the future. If not on your own account, then on *mine*, be strong and brave and patient, Emily."

He had once more with a skilful hand touched the right chord and roused me to face with at least an earnest will what might be still before us.

"I will not fail you," I replied almost cheerfully—"and you may be quite sure that any help or advice it is in my power to give, will be wholly and entirely at your service."

We did not exchange another word after this, but with a fervent hand pressure that spoke of mutual esteem as well as mutual encouragement, went our separate ways for the night, each perhaps shrinking equally from its long silent hours of retrospection and self-communing.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE WOODS.

Extreme physical exhaustion very happily for me triumphed after a brief interval over all the mental anguish to which as yet I could see no end, and I slept soundly if not refreshingly. But it was a terrible awakening under the mad whirl of autumn leaves against my window, and the bright beams of a November sun that seemed to scorch my heavy eyelids, and to mock at the darkness and desolation that had taken up their abode in my sick and weary mind. I stood for a minute or two looking out upon the wild garden of our chateau, bounded by the thick woods in which I had promised to listen that morning to Stephen's narrative, and which I doubted not now were the same woods that Miriam had spoken of so enthusiastically when alluding to her convent life in Germany. No wonder these scenes had made so deep an impression on her heart and mind; for here probably she had first known Stephen, *her husband!* here they had probably wandered together in happy companionship. In those "winding paths" and beside those "murmuring rivulets" he had whispered his words of love into her attentive ear, and in this very house, perhaps, their mutual vows had been exchanged and the child Miriam (she must have been but a child then) converted into the beloved and honoured wife of Stephen Howard.

I could not endure to think of it. I could not trust my imagination to picture how it had all occurred. With every successive idea that suggested itself to me, a fresh wave of anguish appeared to sweep over my soul. By and bye, far too soon indeed for the little strength my night's rest had lent me, I should have to listen to the whole story, from *his* lips. I should have to feign (could I do it?) a cousin's interest in the touching romance that would be told to me. I should have to give sympathy, counsel, assistance, though how I knew not, and all with a view of promoting *their* happiness through whom my own had been destroyed for ever. But why should I do anything of the kind? I was no heroine; I made no pretence to supernatural virtues; I had never had a taste for self-immolation; I did not want to descend to posterity as a pattern woman, ready on the first opportunity to feed and clothe mine enemy, while I quietly starved myself. No: I would gladly and thankfully have made my immediate escape from it all, have

flown, if wings had been obtainable, to the earth's extremest verge, if by these means I might have been left to break my heart in peace, and to hide myself during the process from every human eye.

But just because I happened to live in a conventional age, and because I was not romantic enough to do anything wild or extravagant on my own account, I must stay quietly in my place, wear as serene an aspect as possible, carefully wash away all traces of foolish tears, and even accept the credit of thrusting all my own bitter pain aside for the sake of entering heart and soul into the interesting woes of others.

To begin with, I must go down and make breakfast for Stephen, Mrs. Howard having sent me word that she will take her's in bed, and that we are to act quite independently of her in any projects we may have formed for out-of-door amusement during the day. Out-of-door amusement! Truly, it would have been a pity had any one thought of interfering with the out-of-door amusement in store, this morning, for me.

We met very quietly and composedly (after twelve hours *tête-à-tête* with a new grief or a new joy, it is generally easy to get the countenance under a decent mask), and I poured out the coffee without spilling a single drop, and talked about the weather, and the woods I had been admiring from my window up-stairs, as naturally as if my mind was in a peaceful state, and woods and weather were really objects of interest to me.

All the time, however, I was greatly dreading the interview with Mrs. Howard which I must have before leaving the house. Her penetrating eyes would certainly discover that something was wrong, and until I had been clearly informed of Stephen's wishes I should not dare give her a single hint of the true state of affairs. Luckily, this little difficulty vanished as I approached it. Martin was in the room when I was summoned to speak with her mistress, and as I had taken the precaution to pinch some colour into my cheeks, Mrs. Howard remarked nothing unusual about me. She only told me to be sure and put strong boots on if I was going to walk in the woods, and not to forget, however brightly the sun might shine, that we were nearer winter than summer.

Reader, do you think this caution was necessary?

Stephen silently offered me his arm as I joined him, cloaked and bonneted, on the steps of the house, where I had seen him from my bed-room window waiting for me.

We walked through the desolate-looking garden, along the only path that had been cleared from weeds, and grass, and rank

creepers, without exchanging a single word; but as we entered the wood, the different effects of sunlight on its masses of brown-golden foliage, together with the profound and utter stillness that reigned here, struck me with a feeling of admiring awe, and thrusting back, as resolutely as a weak woman can, all that obstrusive personal anguish which too often, during its existence, dulls the sense of external beauty, I said briefly:

"I like this. I am glad we came."

"November is too late, however, to judge of the real beauty of the Schwartzen woods," my companion replied, in a voice that did not sound to me at all like Stephen's voice; "had we come here in the beginning of October you would have been charmed, indeed. Now, it is too damp and cold to sit in the open air, and after your illness walking much would be very bad for you."

"No, I think not," I said. "I can walk at any rate till you have told me all you wish to tell, and we could not have a better place for it."

"Emily," he exclaimed, stopping suddenly and looking into my face for the first time since the morning salutation had been exchanged between us, "you speak as if you were tired, now. Shall we defer this sad story of mine till another opportunity? Do, if you can, treat me still as a friend or brother—not strangely or coldly—and tell me what you really wish."

"I really wish to hear your story, now," I answered, forcing a smile; "and in proof of this wish, I will begin it for you. In these woods you and Miriam Clyne first discovered that you loved each other; she was very young, then, young and unprotected, lovely too, I suppose, though we women, you know, are slow to discover beauty in our fellow-women—"

"Nay, nay, Emily," he interrupted warmly, "have I not often, much oftener than you will remember, listened to your praises of this very cousin Miriam's personal attractions? You would not have me believe you would have commended them less had you known it was my wife you were speaking of?"

His wife! surely the truth had become familiar enough to me by this time, and yet those words thrilled to the very centre of my being, and once more an intolerable feeling of *wrong* as regarded myself, rose up and threatened to suffocate me if I might in no way express it.

There must have been some bitterness in my voice, as I replied excitedly:

"And why did I *not* know it, Stephen? was it right, was it kind, was it just to keep me in ignorance so long? Should I have

acted thus towards you, professing friendship, and appearing open as the day—should I—?”

“One moment, Emily,” Stephen exclaimed, cutting short what I was about to add—“one question, before you accuse me further. Was it being open as the day, or setting me an example of confidence, to conceal from me your own engagement to Mr. Livingston? Forgive me for so abruptly naming that gentleman to you, but it is necessary now that *all* should be cleared up between us. I have done very, very wrong, but your esteem is too precious to me to make me willingly relinquish any chance I may have of proving myself less unworthy of it than I at present seem to you.”

I heard him quietly—not calmly—to the end of the above speech, and then I said slowly and with a solemn earnestness that I felt sure would instantly convince him I was telling the simple truth.

“Stephen, I was never in my life engaged to John Livingston or to any other man. Whoever has asserted it has lied, and lied wilfully; for all who know anything of the matter know that I cared for him only as a friend, and that he was content for it to be so. Stephen, who told you this?”

“God help me!” he murmured, in a tone so full of bitter pain that my heart smote me for having occasioned it—“God help me, for it was my wife.”

Of course I had guessed as much, and for the moment I felt pitiless towards *her*, whatever I might feel towards him.

“Miriam knew from my own lips the truth of the case,” I said in a calmer voice; “and let her motive be what it might, she was utterly wrong in telling you an untruth. I had thought better of her.”

“The plague spot of Miriam’s nature is jealousy,” he continued, speaking as if under the influence of strong though repressed excitement; “she could not trust her husband. Poor child! she scarcely knows him, but a lie, a deliberate lie—can anything excuse that? Bad in itself, bad in its results to others, doubly bad in its effects on her own moral nature. Ah, Emily, you begin to see that *my* path is not entirely strewn with roses, and that one false step in life may be irremediable in its consequences.”

“Tell me all now, from the beginning,” I pleaded, for—woman-like, I suppose—I could bear my own sorrow better than his; “and who knows but what we may yet discover some bright spots amidst the gloom, something that may give promise at least of calmer and happier days for you and—your Miriam.”

“My Miriam,” he repeated gravely, “yes, I thank you, Emily,

for reminding me that this poor erring child *is* mine, and that therefore it is not for me to speak or even to think harshly of her. We cannot tell how much she may have suffered before she yielded to the temptation of uttering that untruth. Now let me take you into yonder path where the trees are not too thick to keep the warm sunbeams from us—we are getting cold amidst these shadows, Emily—and then I will tell you in a few words how I came to be the husband of your cousin Miriam.”

So we went into the sunlight, and pacing up and down the wide path he had designated, crushing the withered leaves heaped upon it with our feet, we once more assumed the characters of listener and narrator, supporting them creditably (I will not say with what inward suffering or rebellion) to the end.

What was told, will be found in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

"ENGLISH HOMES AND ENGLISH FRIENDS."

BY ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY.

[Suggested by the above words in a letter from a lady, compelled by solicitude for the health of a beloved sister to reside abroad.]

TO C. W.

FAR from my lov'd, my native Land,
In thought I hail the favour'd strand,
And up to Heav'n a prayer ascends
For "*English homes and English friends.*"

I hear the chime of old church-bells,
And high my heart with rapture swells ;
I see the kingly oaks once more,
And list the breakers on the shore.

My island home ! I greet in dreams
Its forest shades and silver streams ;
Its minsters gray ; its feudal tow'rs ;
Its peaceful cots and hawthorn bow'rs.

I see with joy each comely face,—
The frank, blithe-hearted, blue-eyed race ;
With warmth I clasp each cordial hand,
And, tearful, bless my native Land :

The ringing laugh, kind, joyous, sweet ;
The words that hide no cold conceit,
The look that plays no traitor's part ;
The hand—the herald of the heart :

The tones I love salute mine ear ;
I meet the traits for ever dear ;
My country's pride in hues of truth ;
Her fair-brow'd girls—her gallant youth—

Her noble sires—her matrons pure—
Her virtues that as time endure—
Her strength, her beauty, glory, fame—
I hail them all with cheek of flame.

Her moorlands, mountains, lakes and skies—
Her glades and valleys glad mine eyes—
I watch her wild birds on the wing,
And pause to hear the wood-lark sing.

The breeze that rushes from the hill,
The tinkling murmurs of the rill,
The red-breast's note, the hum of bee—
Come back as blissful sounds to me.

And am I there once more—once more—
Are years of sadd'ning exile o'er?
No more condemn'd by fate to roam,
O do I greet my island home!

Alas! as fleet night's ebon shades,
The dream dissolves—the vision fades;
I wake—I weep—the prospect ends
Of "*English homes and English friends.*"

But throb not wildly heart of mine,
Like prison'd bird, thou shalt not pine,
The time will come, kind Heav'n ordain!
To see my native land again.

Then merry shall the CHRISTMAS be,
And happy NEW YEAR's day to me,
While peace, with loving truth, attends
In "*ENGLISH HOMES, ON ENGLISH FRIENDS.*"

TERRIFIC CRITICISM.

BY A "YOUNG HAND."

It would appear that literary criticism in the present day must be of the terrific kind. Mild remonstrance with an author is considered namby-pamby; nothing will suffice but a terrific flagellation. In London at this moment there are several professors of the terrific style, who feel themselves modestly competent to estimate accurately, not the merits, but the demerits of provincial authors especially. This critical *coterie* does not scruple to allow the reading public to understand how eminent are its capabilities for "putting down" innocent authors who dare to publish what does not reach the sublime. Should an author exhibit a fair share of ability, ability superior to the terrifically critical school, he may depend upon being calumniated. He is described either as an imitator or an ignoramus. There are no end of things for which he is utterly unfitted. He may perhaps be unfitted for discovering the light of genius in the funny articles of Slobbs, who retails literary and political secrets; and fail to perceive much cause for exultation in the feeble and flaccid rhymes of Gubbins, who apostrophizes the beauty of Lucy and the grace of Jemima. If a young author should have no acquaintance with the dead languages his pretensions are all the more hideous in the eyes of the terrific critics. He must be a collegian who can earn for his literary labours the flatulent eulogies of Slobbs & Co. Slobbs delights in flaying all uncolleged aspirants for literary renown, and believes that he alone is about the only creature endowed with the faculty of delighting the public. By some mischance parties become connected with newspaper and magazine literature in London, as burglars find their way into drawing-rooms. Many of these terrible critics are dishonest and unspeakably contemptible. They have brought criticism into disgrace. One or two of the terrible critics might be named in this paper, but as they have never yet adorned literature it would be useless to hold them up to the scorn they deserve. Generally, these gentlemen who condescend to tell people what is going on in the literary world—and sometimes what is not going on—have a weakness for intimating their friendliness with either the Prime Minister or the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the lesser lights of the House of Commons they shake hands with regularly. Their acquaintance with wealthy men is quite overpowering. Their invitations to dine out are numerous, and they associate only with parties considerably exalted in the social scale, and who feel it requisite to have their homes now and then illuminated with the brightest intellectual rays. Gubbins may do the summarizing for

some weekly paper, spin "literary notes," and break out often in rhyme that Mr. John Close, that sweet "bard" of Westmoreland, would not pause to disown. The tender lines by Gubbins meet, perchance, the critical and eager eye of Slobbs in the "*Monthly Mull*;" and what less can Slobbs do than grow nearly eloquent on their picturesque pathos! Somewhat in this manner will Gubbins be cheered: "A lovely poem graces the 'Mull' this month, from the fertile and facile pen of Muddle Gubbins, Esq. It is pervaded by a quiet beauty, sunny with genius, and has a decidedly Tennysonian ring. The melody is exquisite, and well supports the reputation the 'Mull' has acquired for publishing genuine poetry." Possibly Slobbs may do a trifle for the "Mull" himself, and then most disinterestedly applaud his efforts in the "*Blunderer*." He is never wearied of puffing the expansive genius of Gubbins, and in return Gubbins becomes the defender of Slobbs from what is called "gross personality." Slobbs may be a kind of Editor of the "Mull," and find no difficulty in allowing his own ephemeral but dangerously facetious productions to please his editorial taste. His mental fire never pales; toil has no effect on his brain, which is as unalterable as the helmet of Pluto. More potent is that pen which Slobbs wields with such terrific force over minstrels and novelists, than was the rod of Mercury over Argus. He is so cutting. He can either destroy or increase a writer's fame with one stroke of that pen, that may be as facile and fertile as the one directed by Muddle Gubbins, Esq. Slobbs, having more mental gifts than he can lavish on the "Mull," may give a few of them to a newspaper or two. That is literary benevolence. Who could censure this Minos of living authors for simply commending in a newspaper the articles (including his own, merely for the sake of form) which he in his wisdom had permitted to embellish the pages of the "Mull?" Woe to the poet or rhymers who shall eclipse Gubbins. Let Gubbins have a chance and he will soon show what an undeserving wretch has been rewarded in the person of Potter with public approbation. When Gubbins rises to the summit of his theme in denunciation, shall his verdict be questioned? Certainly not. Ignoring all distinguished testimony in favour of Potter, Gubbins declares that, from a perusal of Potter's lays, he can say that Potter is no poet. He is wholly unworthy of such an appellation, and has no literary capacity whatever. He is ignorant and mischievous. And this Gubbins may be the author of what may be called a ballad in which we may meet with an assurance many times enforced that "June is lovely." When such assertions transpire in a ballad or song it is no idle task to determine who ought to feel thankful for them, as there is considerable safety in premising that most parties have long been aware that June is very lovely except in a wet summer. Such poetic novelties are indeed refreshing. Nothing like facts. Who could contradict the loveliness of June? It would look like a daring untruth to say that June was not lovely. Muddle Gubbins, Esq., for such facts, is warmly praised by Slobbs, who doats on lyrical fervour, and who himself sometimes flirts with the Muses.

Gubbins can deal a little in Latin after the manner of a juvenile dispensing chemist. He is jealous of those who may be likely to rise beyond the intellectual eminence of announcing the fact before mentioned about June ; and he will take advantage of his position in journalism to garble and to distort the merits of his superiors in the world of letters. Slobbs will call that course of conduct independence.

There is as much charlatanry in the literary as in the commercial world. The men in literature who from malevolence seek to crush those who desire modestly to work with them in that domain, and who depend upon no scheming for public recognition of their abilities, are analogous to persons in trade who systematically swindle their creditors. There are vigilant inspectors for domestic nuisances who are never tardy of ordering their extinction ; and were it practicable to appoint inspectors to suppress the nuisances that infest and contaminate literature, the reading public would have information undisfigured by gross personal prejudices, and relieved of much of its present dastardly and ferocious falseness. Incorrect views are purposely circulated of many authors, and their efforts are sneered at from the most ignoble of motives. Gubbins and Slobbs, beside men of genius, are what the sparrow is to the sky-lark ; beside true poets and novelists, they are impostors ; and beside honest men, serve to show by contrast the foulness of human depravity.

Terrific criticism emanates from men whom the public have not been in a mood to honour. Gubbins may have *done* a dramatic poem ; and Slobbs may have tried a novel full of lords and ladies. Both have failed to make the world listen. Europe has remained complacent after their publication ; the book-binding trade has not been sensibly improved. Unidolized as authors, they degenerate into critics and lead the terrific school. Gubbins then finds merit in Slobbs, and Slobbs discovers the same element in Gubbins. These critics are very uneasy under a castigation, and soon complain of personalities. Vindications of themselves appear about their wealthy connections ; for they cannot endure themselves what they are so fond of circulating anonymously of persons they wish to injure.

Gubbins never ceases to be a large manufacturer of rhyme, and establishes himself as a sort of poetic confectioner, exhibiting a fecundity that is not encumbered with thought, and inclining slightly to the turgid. Slobbs is the most unapproachable in sketches and brief criticisms. Debar him of prattling of the health of various people and his mission would be almost annihilated. The custom of one man praising a variety of publications with which he is connected, largely prevails in London. It is no fiction that these terrific critics applaud each other publicly, while readers are kept ignorant of such huckstering. Such men undignify literature, yet manage to vegetate among its gifted followers and its riches, like vermin among corn. They are men of no creative ability, and whose observations on those who surpass them are disentitled to credence. We know of Gubbins having, to serve Slobbs, used his pen in a now deceased

print to damage a reputation he envied. Luckily the public have more discrimination than such things as Gubbins credit them with. People know virulence is dictated by dishonesty, and the more mendacious and vehement the abuse heaped on an author the less is it believed. When unfair means are employed to wantonly defame an author, the public refuse to sanction them, and as a retribution leave the perfidious publication to perish. An organ addicted to issuing calumnies never lives long. It subsides from the force of its own infamy. It is a source of regret that gentlemen who embark money in starting literary publications should engage such men as Gubbins and Slobbs. They are calculated to kill a dozen publications, either by sentimental jargon or abusive slang.

Gubbins would suit some enterprising tailor who wished in hazy rhyme to announce the usefulness and style of his coats. To be the poet of coats would be charming. Gubbins has the sweetness and force of the author of "When this old hat was new;" and now and then rises to the "fine frenzy" exhibited in the lay of "Lord Lovell."

To be straining always to be funny about new books and authors, and to mingle such funniness with unscrupulous abuse will never succeed with readers of intelligence. Few books that are published but what contain some promise; and to denounce all, and to deny merit to all authors, especially if of the provinces, will never be acceptable. The arrogance of Gubbins and Slobbs is to be pitied, and those who peruse their lucubrations stand in need of commiseration. An ignoble desire is discerned in acrid aspersions. Criticism is too much prostituted at the present day to giving vent to personal animosity. How such an estimate of Slobbs and Gubbins will be spurned and repudiated by that tribe of which Gubbins is the leader! Slobbs has much love for long, fine words, and if Nature had placed him in a large way of thinking he would write some very explosive articles. Either the words or the thoughts would make a commotion. Slobbs knows how Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone feel when Mr. Disraeli is attacking the Government. Slobbs will substitute the word "cadaverous" for pale, and "erubescant" for red. He is conversant with all sorts of things; knows when managers of theatres turn ill, when they recover, and what business they are doing. He only talks of the great managers. To this verbiage about theatres and their managers he tacks a little twaddle about the brother of M. Gubbins, Esq., having a new novel nearly ready; tells us which are "sensational" novels, and who are the best authors. All those stupid details which are not wanted, are dished up weekly by Slobbs for fattening the readers of the "*Blunderer*" with knowledge. The style resembles that adopted by Thorley in his advertisements about "Cattle Food."

Slobbs and Gubbins are men who occupy no position of respect in the literary world. Slobbs, in his revelations of petty secrets, ought to meet with the fate of Ascalaphus for his babbling about Proserpine. Gubbins, as has before been remarked, is a sugary "poet," and rhymes with no alarming fluency on the sweet figure of Eliza, and the coral lips of

Sophia. The facetious he does not disdain to try ; and when he is not indulging in the jam of sentiment he is overflowing with pungency. In prose he is tremendous on any person who may have been guilty of rhyming. The editorial supervision is not worth much that allows Gubbins vent for his spleen. Gubbins and Slobbs are the animalcules that undermine the noble structure of literature by their depredations.

The public have long ago concluded that honesty is rare in literary criticism ; and criticism will ever labour under such a stigma until Gubbins and Slobbs are superseded by conscientious, talented, and honourable men.

THE FORGOTTEN SEED.

BY THE LATE SIR LAUNCELOT CHARLES LEE BRENTON, BART.

O FATHER, I sought the garden bed,
But there was a wonder there,
Full many a flower upreared its head
And scented all the air !

Two moons have fled since the barren soil
Nor flower nor leaf could show,
But where was the unseen skill and toil
That taught those flowers to blow ?

No stranger has trod in that garden fair,
No footstep could I see,
But the light winds robbed the gay parterre,
And wafted its spoils to me !

The bee and the bird in the sunny hours
Have kept watch in that precinct gay,
But tell me whose hand of the choicest flowers
Has spread that bright array ?

Do angels descend in silent bands
With flowers so bright and blue,
Do they come by night with their viewless hands
To string their pearls of dew?

And hast thou, fair child, forgotten the ground
Where thy little hands did fling
A seed in the hope that all around
Unnumbered flowers would spring?

But know when thy thoughts shall wander o'er
The scene of the garden bed,
E'en there in high and holy lore
A lesson may be read.

For oft in thoughtful mood, fair child,
The seed of prayer we sow,
But fail to watch till our hearts beguiled
After earthly pleasures go.

But bright is the grace, when the faithful one
To his failing saints will prove,
That the seed by the hands of the children sown
Is watched by the Father's love!

But O, my child, in due time beware
Of the roving heart or eye,
Lest despised by Him who loves true prayer,
The seed in the ground should die!

MONTAGU HOUSE,
Feb. 1862.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

FROM LIFE AFTER THE GERMAN.

BY MRS. SCHENCK.

(Concluded from Page 69.)

PART SECOND.

A YEAR had passed, and again the Pastor, his family, and the *blue meal-factor*, were assembled on Christmas-eve. On this occasion a Christmas-tree, radiant with many coloured lights and tastefully decorated, graced the large family table, on which were displayed a gorgeous array of seasonable gifts. Mamma was the good fairy who presided and distributed the presents appropriate to each. The sisters, who had worked lovingly in secret, surprised papa and mamma with warm slippers of beautifully raised worsted work; Julius with a purse and pocket book, embroidered in gold, silver, and coloured silk; Paul, with a gay scarf and cuffs; the twins with a magnificent doll's wardrobe; and the good friend Braun was crowned with an elegant smoking cap, which he wore with the air of a prince. Their joy was only diminished by the absence of Max, from whom they had not yet heard, though they surmised that he must now be with Floret. They referred to the sentence the poor fellow had written on the wall of his bed-room, and which was only discovered after his departure: "To the pain of separation succeeds the hope of a joyful re-union!"

"Wherever he is at present," said the Pastor, "he thinks of us all this evening, and is with us in spirit; mother, let us drink the health of our boy in the wine of his fatherland."

The glasses were filled, and the Pastor gave the toast:

"Unser Max soll leben, hoch! hoch! hoch!"*

And then, friend Braun and the boys gave such voice to the deep German "Hurrah," that the Pastor's favourite dachs-hund (badger-dog) started up and barked vehemently to restore order.

Mamma now proposed they should join in singing Dr. Martin's (Luther) Christmas Carol. They sang in parts, and the pure and correct tones of the male and female voices produced harmony that would have delighted a more fastidious ear than the good mother's.

This happy evening was again closed with the usual thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness.

* Equivalent to *Vive notre Maz*, or God save our Max.

A few more months elapsed, and still no news from Max, and they were beginning to be filled with sad forebodings respecting him. One evening friend Braun entered with a pleasant face.

"Good news," exclaimed he, "I have a letter from Max! I was at town to-day, called at the post for letters, was told of this one for you, and by bringing it I have forestalled the postman by some hours."

The parents silently ejaculated their thanks, and the family being quickly assembled, the Pastor read:

"Dearly beloved Parents,—By God's goodness I arrived at Sumatra safely on the 20th of October. I found my way to Padang and met Floret, who was pointed out to me, returning from one of his plantations. I advanced towards him, stopped, and looked in his face. He appeared surprised, and I felt so overcome that I could only utter 'Noble Floret!' Suddenly he opened his arms—his lips quivered—'Oh, my God, is it possible? you are Zülch, the son of my deliverer? Say so, and do not leave me in suspense.' 'Yes,' I answered, 'I am the son of your friend.' 'You are the perfect likeness of my dear Zülch,' exclaimed he, and he pressed me again and again to his heart, while tears rolled down his cheeks. 'Tell me, does my faithful friend yet live?' I saw from this that he had not received your letter. I then told him of you, my dear mother, and our family. He questioned me without ceasing, and was in such ecstasies, that his people appeared quite amazed. He took me to his mansion, called me the son of his heart—that I should never leave him, that from this moment he adopted me, that one day all he possessed should be mine, and that he had enough to place you all in comfort. You may imagine how happily I am situated with this generous man, who spares no expense to give me pleasure. I also, you may believe, my father, will do everything in my power to render him happy, and to act a son's part to him; and I see I can relieve him of many arduous and vexatious duties which his large possessions entail on him. 'My son,' said Floret to me, a few days after I was with him, 'a vessel will sail shortly for Europe; write to your family, and do not forget to enclose this paper,' which was again a draft for 20,000 florins. I wished to refuse it, and stated that he had already done too much, but he laughed, patted my cheek, and said 'he thought I had learnt in Germany that it was the son's duty to obey his father.'

The rest of the letter was filled with accounts of the island, its climate, inhabitants, etc., and kind inquiries for each individually, for friend Braun, etc.; and concluded with the warmest expression of his tender love for father and mother and the rest of the family.

Floret's letter contained the breathings of his enthusiastic nature, poured out in thanks to his friend for sending him his son, his love for and admiration of Max, what he intended to do for him, and for them all, etc.

Peace and contentment now reigned in the Pastor's dwelling. Their competency enabled them to add many comforts and even a few luxuries

to their modest household, and to provide the best teachers for their children. From Max they received a lengthy letter every six months, which always gave them the most lively satisfaction.

Twelve years have rolled by since Max left the home of his parents ; many changes have taken place both in the Manse and in the village ; many friends have been removed by death, but as yet the dear family circle remains unbroken. The venerable Pastor looks still vigorous, though a halo of silver locks glisten round his temples, and several grandchildren crown his old age. The health of the good mother had become stronger as she reached the evening of her life, and her meek and quiet spirit imparted a moon-like complacency to her gentle features. Dora and Emma, who had grown up like two lovely Alpine roses, along with Johanna, relieved her of the management of the household, and sweetened her life with their tender care for her. Grandmamma sat in her arm-chair, ever at hand to receive the confidence and benefit everybody by her prudent advice and experience. Her basket was filled with Max's letters which were read and re-read by her far oftener than anybody wot of.

Julius had become his father's colleague, and the Baron von Gehren had given his consent to his union with his daughter Thekla, preferring to give her happiness with the truly noble choice of her heart, rather than worldly aggrandizement at its expense. Their union had been blessed with three children, Ernst, Lina, and Anna.

The Pastor's eldest daughter, Agnes, had been married for ten years to Pastor Werner Nägele of Martinshagen, and she visited the Manse at least once a week with her two lively boys, Otto and George, with whom friend Braun renewed the old romps, and even gave them a ride on his back after the royal example of Henri Quatre.

Herr Emil Baumann, the chief magistrate of the neighbouring town of Melsungen, had been attracted by the winning sweetness of Marie, and wooed and won her for his bride about a year after her sister's marriage. They drove often from the town to the village, accompanied by a darling little Marie, the pet of the twins, who had long ago given up their dolls to busy themselves with the little strangers that were added to the family.

Bertha had wedded Councillor Herr Carl Schultheis, at the Residence, who also came occasionally with their twins, Wilhelm and Friedrich. Thus the Manse was always enlivened by the cheerful presence of some of the children and grandchildren. Paul was at the University, where he was distinguishing himself, as his brothers had done before him, though he had the advantage of them in many respects, from the now affluent circumstances of his parents.

Neighbour Braun had lost his thrifty Gertraud, had retired from business, and was now a daily inmate of the Manse, devoting himself to the Pastor and his children, to whom, as he had no children of his own,

or relative that he cared for, he bequeathed a considerable fortune at his death which occurred ten years afterwards.

Life glided on serenely. One day in October a letter arrived from Max, informing them that a friend of his from Sumatra was about to return to his native land, Germany, and would certainly visit them, and he trusted they would give him a cordial reception for his sake, etc. The arrival of the stranger was eagerly looked for, but as months passed on without his appearance, after various surmises, they gave up the expectation of seeing him.

Christmas-eve again came round. Pastor Zülch had made it a regular custom to assemble all his children and grandchildren on this evening, endeared to him by so many happy reminiscences, and the large dining-room was required to accommodate the now numerous party. Grandpapa and grandmamma had for some time been agreeably occupied with procuring and devising what would yield most pleasure this evening, not only to their own children, but to the fatherless and motherless children of the parish.

The Christmas-tree shone out with unusual splendour, and the many rich and ingenious presents provided, brought to every heart an ever-new delight. At eight o'clock the Pastor proposed they should now adjourn to the best room, which was still more spacious, and where a splendid entertainment awaited them. The venerable Pastor sat like a patriarch among his numerous children, his heart overflowing with love and gratitude as he witnessed their happiness. Grandmamma's face was also lighted with joy and tenderness, but she could no longer suppress the wish of her heart and she exclaimed: "Oh, if Max were only here!"

"My beloved Johanna," returned the Pastor, "Max knows well we assemble all together every Christmas-eve. He is with us in spirit; he thinks what his dear mother and I are saying, how we look, and he imagines what we are all doing; he knows also that we think, that we speak of him. Yes, well he knows that. Come, children, let us drink his health with three times three!"

All arose and responded to the Pastor's toast, and gleefully clapped their hands, and gave the "Hurrah!" to which the juvenile members added a noisy chorus. At this moment Christine entered the room with a serious face, and intimated that a dark man had tapped at the kitchen window, and said he must speak with the Pastor although he knew him engaged with company. The Pastor told Christine to show him in, as most probably he was the stranger they were expecting. Presently, a gentleman with bronzed features and bushy whiskers entered the room. The Pastor advanced towards him, and inquired if he had the pleasure of seeing the friend of his dear son. The stranger did not reply immediately, but cast a searching look round the room; then with a long drawn breath he said: "Yes, I bring you greetings from—"

Grandmamma had risen from her chair, and with unwonted rapidity

came forward and exclaimed with sobs: "Oh, God! this is my own child!" and fell into the strong arms of Max—for it was, in truth, he.

In a moment all had risen and surrounded him; so, placing his mother tenderly in her seat, he embraced his father and the rest with feelings of the strongest emotion. "God be praised," said he, "for the happiness of this moment—the happiest of my life! The Almighty has permitted me to reach my beloved home and embrace all my dear ones again!"

This joyful return rendered the bliss of the happy party complete, and the tumult of affectionate and grateful feeling that animated every heart may be better imagined than described.

Max was soon seated, and made comfortable between his parents, to whom he gave interesting accounts of Floret, and answered the questions that each had to ask regarding Sumatra, his journey, etc. The well-remembered sound which he had not heard for twelve years, suddenly arrested the attention of Max, and he stopped to listen, as the watchman's horn and song proclaimed the hour:

"Hört ihr Herrn und last euch sagen,
Die Glocke hat Eilf geschlagen:
Bewahrt das Feuer und das Licht,
Dass in der Stadt kein Schaden g'schieht.
Lobt Gott den Herrn!"

Before retiring for the night the Pastor offered up his fervent thanks to God for the safe arrival of his son, and for his immeasurable goodness to them all.

For several months Max remained at the Manse, enhancing the enjoyment of the dear family circle; and occasionally driving to the University town, to which his visits became gradually more frequent. The sisters soon discovered the attraction. He had there renewed his acquaintance with the widow of Captain Ziegler, whose little Charlotte had now become an amiable and beautiful young lady, and who had completely captivated the heart of the East Indian. Satisfied that in every respect she was a suitable companion for their son, the good parents gave their consent and blessing, and the marriage took place amid general rejoicing in the village.

It was now determined that Paul, who had finished his studies, should accompany the young couple to Padang, and thus the cherished desire of his heart was gratified.

The pain of separation was not so acute as on the first occasion, Max being accompanied by a loving wife and the sturdy Paul, and the parents being now more accustomed to the flight of their young ones to form nests for themselves.

* Listen, townsmen, hear me tell,
Eleven hath struck upon our bell;
Guard the fire well and the light,
That no harm occurs this night.
Praise God the Lord!

"My beloved Johanna," said the old Pastor, when the three drove off, after an affecting parting had taken place, "we can now die happy, God has given us the unspeakable joy of beholding our dear boy once more, and of seeing all our children provided for. Come, mother, come, let us pour out our gratitude to the Lord the giver of pain and joy."

"Amen!" sobbed the good mother, looking once more in the direction the coach had taken.

Some years after a letter conveyed the sad news to Sumatra that papa and mamma had departed this life on the same day. The good mother had gradually declined in health and strength, and the venerable Pastor had also become very feeble. One day she was unable to leave her bed and to the surprise of all, she told them she felt her end approaching; she then took a tender and touching farewell of all her beloved ones, and gently expired like a lamp whose oil has gradually burnt out.

The father overcome with grief, took her hand and said: "Dear, good mother I will soon follow thee." He requested to be left alone for a little with his dear departed wife.

An hour afterwards his anxious, weeping family re-entered the room, and to their profound grief found him also dead by the bedside of his wife, with her hand still locked in his, and his face exhibiting a sweet and calm expression. Their ransomed spirits had entered into the "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

CHIEFLY ABOUT "ACCIDENTAL" DISCOVERIES.

BY JOSEPH HATTON.

IN our previous paper we had some remarks on Fate. This month we propose to follow up the train of thought thus started, with some further illustrations of what are generally called accidental occurrences; but which in the majority of instances, we contend, give evidence of the direct controlling power of an All-wise Providence.

The subject, we know, is far from original; but if such a consideration deterred us from writing, where should we find a theme for discussion, illustration, or narrative? Perhaps the best treatment, historically, of the evidences of the Divine Hand is Hollis Read's book, published some years ago.* The author's aim is to show the progress of Christianity. In this paper we set out on a wider field and without such a defined object. Our *aim* is more to amuse and entertain, than to instruct. Giving our readers full credit for intelligence and common-sense, we prefer that they shall apply the moral of our papers, whilst we endeavour to adorn the thoughts and stories we have to describe or narrate. We have no wish to be doctrinal or dogmatical. The broad basis we go upon, in the serious part of this paper, is the belief in a Divine Power exercising a supreme control over the universe which it has created.

The Empire of the Past, visible and traditionary—visible, through history and science, even to the mists of chaos, when the world was a bubbling preparation—gives ample evidence of a governing power whose sceptre has swayed the smallest detail, creating blades of grass, and fashioning the exquisite fabric of man. As we see the master hand throughout every phase of a beautiful picture—in conception, design, drawing, lights and shadows—so, looking at the world's structure, we have everywhere evidence of its conception, creation, and onward movement to perfection. The Master Hand has left its divine impress upon every age. From the dark days of the Iguanodon to the creation of man, and onwards through the flowery meads of legendary story, art, poetry, and science, the same hand is descried, moulding, forming, fashioning, beautifying—exhibiting a continual progressive change, an ever varying yet never wavering preparation for futurity. We see it in the lofty, inimitable power of thought, expression, and prophecy of David, Solomon, and Isaiah, whose writings, full of the most touching poetry, unsullied truths, and striking imagery, have laid the foundation for the songs and philosophy of ages, and still remain the fountain-head of great thoughts, holy sentiment, and

* Edinburgh, Nelson & Sons.

thrilling aphorism. May this under-current of divine inspiration ever flow on beneath the surface of the world's literature !

There are landmarks in the past which need but little contemplation to convince us that the Almighty is ever controlling events. Joseph's slavery was the agency for wonderful results in the cause of Christianity. Moses laid in the bulrushes was part of a great plan designed by the Creator. The prosecution of Daniel was another step onwards in the van of universal Christianity. Pharaoh, Alexander, Henry VIII., Napoleon I., were instruments for mighty purposes. Constantinus "accidentally" lodged in an inn, and married the innkeeper's daughter, Helena, and their offspring was Constantine, who raised the standard of Christianity with such wonderful and startling results. Then further on we have the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the transfer of India to Protestant England (not forgetting our recent punishment for mal-administration), the destruction of the Spanish Armada, the discovery of the gunpowder plot, the reign of Cromwell ; all pointing to a Power preparing, chastening, and ruling with a wisdom illimitable in its majesty of strength. We see periods of death and destruction, when for a time the narrow mind or man observes nothing but a going backwards, made to bring forth happier and more glorious times ; presenting, on being viewed from the hill-top or History, but so much of the fermenting process which the world passes through for good.

All this is discoverable in the merest apparent trifles. In 1430, one Laurentiüs Coster, was amusing himself and his children in a little town in Holland by cutting letters on the bark of a tree, when one or those apparently accidental circumstances occurred which, strangely enough, have led to so many of the greatest inventions. He thought he would impress these letters upon paper—glorious thought !—and here was the art of printing. The Chinese had, it is true, impressed inked blocks on paper many years before, but they had not hit upon the simple and important contrivance of cutting their letters separately, whereby the same blocks might be adapted to other texts than those for which they were originally cut. Then came the idea of the multiplication of these letters in moulds, and the superseding of the Chinese mode of friction by the introduction of the printing-press. The honour of these inventions seems to be divided between Coster of Haarlem and Guttenberg of Mentz. Then there rise up other great names associated with the art, Fust, Schoeffer, Caxton. But there seems every reason to trace back the invention to what is generally looked upon as accidental circumstance. Is there no Divine agency apparent here ? Was not the Press an instrument necessary at the particular period at which it was created to carry on the great work of Progress ? And how well it is performing its work ; building up tomes of thought which shall irradiate a blessed influence for all time, and forging links in the chain of circumstance which shall be the clue illuminating the darkness of oblivion when thousands and tens of thousands of years have buried the present in the fabled dust of Time.

It is said that we are indebted to the discovery of the polarity of the magnet, the guide through pathless seas, to a similarly accidental circumstance. Some persons were amusing themselves by swimming, in a basin, a loadstone suspended to a piece of cork, and were struck with the fact that whenever it was not interfered with, and left to settle its own position, it pointed to the north. What a gleam of light was that for civilisation! The properties of the magnet were known to the Greeks and Chinese, but it was left to "accidental circumstance" to point out its greatest power.

There was a time when the inquiring disposition and roving habits of man were bounded by lakes and rivers; when the raft or primitive canoe did not suffice to navigate the surging ocean, which shut out different races from all communication with each other; when all beyond the sea was an unexplained mystery. And when science did cast its rod over the oceans, and mark out a path for navigation, the safest and only reliable beacons, when the land faded from the mariner's view, were the lamps of God stationed above the bewildered seaman as he raised his eyes to heaven in prayer.

When Carthage fell before the rivalry of a braver, though barbarous power, it seemed as if the science of navigation was buried amongst its ruins, as if God had destroyed the very powers for progress which he had created. For centuries the darkness, thus induced, hung, like a pall, over the nations. But all in good time the Lord of the Universe once more said, "Let there be light;" and the discoveries of Christopher Columbus followed its dawning. Ever since, the illumination has been increasing in power and brilliancy, bringing to our view new seas, new rivers, new worlds, fresh peoples.

What a romance of incident, what an epic, is the history of the discovery of the American continent; how rich in narrative, how fertile in heroic deeds. Well may Spain be proud of her conquests. We by no means intend even to point out the chief events of the exploring of the New World, but there is one episode so interesting, and withal so illustrative of our remarks, that we should be sorry to pass it over. In 1510 there existed, at St. Domingo, a Spanish colony, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, whence occasionally issued forth throngs of adventurous spirits, having for their object the booty as well as the glory of the discoveries attendant upon investigating the unknown regions of the Southern continent. Odjeda induced one Fernandez, a lawyer, to advance money for an expedition to explore the rich forests of the continent. They left behind them certain confederates, at the head of whom was Enciso, who obtained the convoy of a King's ship to prevent a number of men who had fallen much into debt and much out of reputation—wild, troublesome fellows anxious to get away from St. Domingo—from coming on board. There was one, however, who hit upon a plan to accomplish his purpose which did not fail in its execution. Concealed in a cask which was supposed to contain provisions, he was safely carried on board,

and much to the disgust of Enciso came forth from his hiding-place when too late to be reconveyed on shore. The stranger was, however, a brave, muscular, daring man, a skilful swordsman, and in every way calculated to be a valuable addition to the band of adventurers. Hardship soon came: where they expected to find Odjeda, they found desolation; and to complete the horrors of the voyage, Enciso's ship was wrecked on the coast near San Sebastian. At this juncture the passenger, who had been brought on board the vessel unwelcomed, having formerly sailed along the coast, led the band on to Darien where they found immense wealth of booty and food. Upon this the strange passenger became a favourite with the followers of Enciso, who was at length deposed from authority, and the daring adventurer of the cask was placed at the head of affairs. At Darien he established his head-quarters, and made every effort to raise himself in the estimation of his followers. That he might amass large quantities of gold, he organized exploring parties to start forth from his seat of government. At the head of one of these bands was the famous Pizarro himself, who being on one occasion very unfortunate in a conflict with the Indians, the head of the local government set out himself, and from a chief whom he took captive he first heard of the great ocean which it was said lay beyond the mountains westward. In the meantime the adventurer had been condemned to deposition and other penalties at Spain, at the suit of the first captain, Enciso. This fact had come to this knowledge through a private source. He had not learnt it officially, so he determined upon some great achievement which should compensate the Government for past grievances. Although he had not a fifth of the force which seemed necessary for such an exploit, he decided upon attempting the discovery of the ocean of which the Indian had told him. One hundred and fifty men were selected from his forces, armed in the picturesque fashion of the time, and on a September morning in 1513, offering up a prayer for the success of their enterprise, they went forth into the unexplored wilderness. On they went, encountering the most fearful obstructions, overcoming the dangers and hardships of swamps, marshes, forests, rocks, with tribes of Indians hovering on their track and occasionally making onslaught upon them. When they arrived at the mountain range, there were only about sixty who could climb the ascent to gaze, with like rapture to that of the crusaders in after years, upon the dear object of their pilgrimage. The eventful morning came at last, the Indian guides pointed to an eminence from which the sea was visible, the captain of the band and a few followers climbed it, and looking westward, before them, at the feet of nature's rugged rampart of rocks and hills, they saw a mighty ocean

"Kissing with murmur bland its shores of gold."

Well might the beholders fall upon their knees and thank Him who had directed them thither. At the close of the day there dashed into the ocean a mail-clad man, flourishing a sword that claved the air like a

meteor, and raising a banner upon which shone forth the image of the Virgin and Child and the arms of Castile and Leon. As the waves, bearing upon their bosoms scents from spice-laden isles, murmured around him and rose and fell, making music with glittering pebbles, the warrior, with all the pomp and romantic flow of language of the time, exclaimed : "Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon. I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed, and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction ; and if other prince or captain, Christian or infidel, or if any law, seal, or condition shall pretend any right to these islands or seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these seas, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind !" The warrior was the contraband passenger conveyed by a *ruse* on board Enciso's ship, his name was Vasco Munez ; and the sea which he beheld from the mountain top was the Pacific Ocean.

And now, friendly reader, imagine that we are entering upon another topic. Our theme is so comprehensive that it embraces another phase of the story of "accidental discoveries" which, unless to some extent you unburthen yourself of our former remarks, you may count as profane. Our subject is in fact about to enter something like a comic phase. We cannot help it. The theme masters us, the subject leads us on with its many curious incidents. But we would have you understand that we lay no claim to special providential intervention in the accidental discoveries we are now about to mention. If his Satanic Majesty has all the power for which some people give him credit, one would imagine he had a hand in the production of powder, the guillotine, Armstrong guns, and other like inventions. *Infernal machines* are certainly *devilish* inventions.

There is something ludicrous in the "chance" invention of patent shot. The story is told in two ways ; a writer in *Macmillan*, about a year ago, tells it thus : "A Bristol plumber—his name, too, was Watts—retires to his bed one night as usual, and has a most extraordinary dream. He is—so his fancy paints him to himself—crawling about upon a church-roof, about to solder up a defect in it, when, by one of those unaccountable incidents which we take very quietly when they come to us in dreams, down goes the ladle of boiling metal into a pool in the street below. 'Try again,' says old Honesty ; and he descends to get his ladle and his lead. The former is there sure enough, but the latter is repre-

sented by a myriad of tiny perfect spheres. With real material lead, and his eyes wide open, he goes next morning through the exact process he has noticed in his dream, and—inaugurates the manufacture of lead-shot ! The story goes on to tell us that 'the patent he had for his invention he sold for £10,000,' and that with this £10,000 he built for the embellishment of his native city a crescent of houses which the citizens were unpolite enough to christen 'Watts's Folly.'"

At the scene of "Watts's Folly" we have heard a somewhat different version of the story. It is there believed, by some people, that Watts's better half dreamed the dream which turned out so profitable an event in the plumber's career. A little book of local legends, sometime since, we believe, out of print, gives a droll account of the affair ; perhaps, however, it is more of a burlesque ballad than a faithful record. The story, which is in rhyme, relates how Mrs. Watts awoke with the noise of Redcliff chimes and insisted upon her liege lord following her to the uppermost landing of the house, where she would show him how shot could best be made. After a matrimonial jar, and a fruitless effort on the part of Paterfamilias to resist his wife's commands, Materfamilias,

" Huddling on her morning clothes,
Her stays omitting and her hose,"

stalked forth and ghost-like mounted stair by stair until she reached the "garret door," and there, looking like an operatic heroine, she stopped : then,

" 'Go, fetch a ladle and some lead,'
Unto her yawning lord she said ;
' Our staircase forms "a well ;"
And close beside the bottom stair
A bowl of water place, for there
I mean to work the spell !'
Down from the staircase head she throws
Small drops of lead—on Watts's nose
Fell one, 'twas scalding hot—
The rest into the water cold,
In drops of perfect roundness roll'd,
And Watts, with wonder did behold
The birth of *Patent Shot*."

The poet further relates how each common shot which Watts had previously made "had got a little pit, or dent, or spot" upon it ; the difference between that and the new shot being, that in the latter not the smallest dent could be found—the little leaden globes were perfect in every respect. A tower was built for making the shot, and

" Still from the summit of the tower,
The molten lead falls, like a shower
Of shining silver rain,
Into the water far below,
Which cools it suddenly, and lo !
Small shot it doth remain."

Watts of course grew rich, and the result of his gains is truly told in the concluding stanzas.

“He who from Rownham ferry-boat
Just upwards casts his eye,
A *Terrace*, Windsor called, will note,
Between him and the sky :
Bright with the sunshine, can it raise
One thought of melancholy ?
Alas ! another name betrays
Its history—‘Watts’s Folly.’
For Mr. Watts, retired from trade,
To build it resolution made,
And found, to his chagrin,
That cash a great deal faster went,
When ‘twas on ‘brick and mortar’ spent,
Then ever it came in ;
On mere *foundations* went his all,
And *Watts’s Folly* still we call
That luckless spot of ground.”

There is a story told, somewhere, of the invention of what we believe is called, the oval lathe. A wood-turner, “on tramp,” made application at a manufactory for work, and was unsuccessful. As he was leaving the premises the manager noticed that the man wore a peculiar hat. Asking for information about the *chapeau*, the workman informed him that, being unable to purchase a hat, he had made a wooden one, which, though a little heavy, had the advantage of being water-proof. This statement obtained the man employment, and suggested the oval lathe. We forget the names of the employer and employed, and are not quite certain as to our description of the lathe. Some of our readers may remember the circumstance. If they do, a note to the publisher will be thankfully received.

There are other “chance” discoveries which may be classed amongst the ludicrous. For example a lady’s under garment (pardon our bluntness, fair readers), hanging before a fire to dry, falls, becomes inflated with smoke, expands, floats up the chimney, and suggests to Joseph and James Stephen Montgolfier the air balloon. Signora Galvani preparing some frogs for soup in or near her husband’s laboratory, the point of a scalpel is accidentally brought in connection with the frog’s cural nerves, and the result is the invention of the Voltaic pile. Senefelder, whilst endeavouring to print, by engraving on stone, a play which the publishers had refused, is requested by his mother to take a note of some linen which is being sent to the wash : there is neither pen nor ink in the room. Senefelder has previously made a composition to fill up the flaws in one of the stones upon which he has been engraving. He takes a note of the linen with this composition upon the stone. A sudden thought prompts him to throw aquafortis upon the stone : the writing stands out in relief, and the art of lithography is invented.

Perhaps the story of this latter discovery, fully told, would be more

properly placed amongst the pathetic incidents of "chance" invention, side by side with such as the origin of the stocking loom, and the invention of the modern method of combing cotton and wool; for poor Senefelder deserved by his perseverance all the credit and profit he obtained by his lucky invention.

But we are getting into another field of anecdote and inquiry. We are insensibly drifting into a region where we should meet with monuments to such men as Newton, Galileo, Davy, Watt, George Stephenson, Franklin, and a host of others, who have won the secrets of their invention with all the courage and perseverance that brave men display in battle. In addition to being what may certainly be considered without the pale of this article, the principal discoveries of these great men are certainly too formidable for even a passing notice here, and, feeling that we are getting without the boundaries of our subject, and also beyond the limits of space assigned to us, without further explanation, we bring our sermonizing and story-telling to an end, make our bow, and beg the printer to commence the next article.

WOMAN IN DAILY LIFE: OR SHADOWS ON EVERY HILL-SIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET M. CAREY.

(Continued from Page 81.)

CHAPTER II.

FIRST HAPPINESS.

"For thee alone these little charms I drest
Condemned them or absolved them by thy taste;
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed for thee alone!"

PRIOR.

A FEW weeks of intense happiness passed away. Violet had already found how delightfully life passed in loving confidence and affection, and more and more every day did she cling to her husband, to him whose good and sterling qualities only shone the brighter the closer you saw them. True they had occasional troubles; the butcher's bill was higher than Violet expected it to be, and she had herself detected the landlady frying the fish for her own breakfast, that she had bought for Frank's! But these were honeymoon lodgings after all, where people thought they might cheat. Now they were safely established in that quaint old city of the north-west, curious old Chester with its Rows and Gable-ends—that English Berne without the bears!—(unless some of the untaught young Lancashire curates do duty for them; those young curates who are so awestruck at receiving an invitation to dine at their Bishop's table!)—there, in strange, middle-ages breathing old Chester, Frank was passing his week of examination before ordination; and Violet spending her time wandering in the Rows for exercise, and sitting in the hotel in patient wonder when Frank would come home. The last Saturday has arrived. Frank is more nervous than ever, more firmly persuaded that all is going wrong; he shan't succeed; he shouldn't have married Violet: "Poor little thing, it's very hard upon *you*; you'd have been happier with Ned Vere."

"Frank! how *dare* you?" and Violet's arms, eager and impetuous, are thrown around her husband's neck. "You wicked little darling, how dare you say that to me: ain't I proud I married you! ain't I *so* happy, so thankful, to have had such good luck? Oh! Frank, my own *clever* Frank, how wretched it would have been to have married anybody else. Now, don't go and growl and grumble and despair: you're sure to succeed and pass a *splendid* examination."

"I shall never get a living, Violet; I know that."

"Never get a living? Yes! you will, and a Bishopric too into the bargain, or my name isn't Violet Conyers; and ain't I glad it is that same, as they say in Ireland. There, Frank, I've made you laugh at last; now, do let me have my breakfast, dear, and *please* don't groan any more!"

Breakfast over, Frank departed to the awful ordeal, upon which graduates look with awe, and clergymen of a certain standing with smiles. Violet tried to write; she couldn't frame a sentence: she tried to add up her accounts; four and four were an unsolvable mystery to her: she tried reading, and the words would not make sense in her head: she wandered about up and down the room, gazed at a refractory donkey in a fruiterer's cart, at the soldiers of the garrison passing to drill; listened to the military music, and fancied it was playing Frank's triumphant march; stared at a child that was reaching in a suicidal manner out of a window from its nurse's arms; marvelled at the rapidity with which the butterman drove his cart; and finally hailed the advent of luncheon with joy, as an occupation in which the hungry body asserted its supremacy over the anxious spirit for a few minutes at least. Hardly was luncheon over than an eager step was heard in the corridor, and a hand hastily burst the door open: "Well, Frank! *well*," exclaimed breathless Violet, springing to meet him and almost afraid to ask "all right."

"Yes! all's well: I have my certificate. Yes! and the Bishop was so kind, quite complimentary; he knew your uncle, Violet; and he has asked us to dinner this evening, if you will waive the ceremony of Lady Louisa's calling."

Now Violet was an inborn and innate lady, and instead, like the wife of some unfledged embryo curate, being in a perfect flutter of delight, and asserting over and over again "she really couldn't go—she'd nothing fit to wear—what should she do!"—she took the episcopal invitation very calmly, only asking what hour they dined, and sensibly remarking it would save them a dinner at the hotel.

"Oh! Frank," she continued, "what a blessing you've passed. I've only just money enough to pay the bill here, and our passage to Trentville to-morrow." Frank groaned. "Oh, you needn't groan, dear, I wouldn't have told you about it if the worry hadn't been over; now I want you to feel so glad about it!"

Time passed on in merry chat, while wearied Frank, tired with a week's suspense and examination, lay on the sofa, and Violet amused him till half-past six striking reminded them to dress for the Bishop's dinner.

"Put on your blue silk, Violet," said Frank, "with the wreath of snowdrops. I hear the Bishop is a connoisseur in feminine apparel and looks, and I am really not without my modicum of pride in my un-curatical looking little wife."

The blue silk and white snowdrops were accordingly donned, and Violet entered the Bishop's drawing-room leaning on her husband's arm.

The Bishop, a younger son of a noble family, a gentleman and man of the world as well as a Bishop, came forward to greet them and introduce Mrs. Conyers, the niece of his old friend, Sir Ralph Melford, to Lady Louisa. This Bishop differed much from most Bishops of the present day—men of nought, raised by some fortunate circumstance from the obscurity in which they were born—men of low or mediocre connections, who feel that the office exalts them into a place in society they were never born to fill. Bishop Travers, the tall and gentleman-like prelate who ordained Frank, was a member of a family so old that their pedigree reached an almost interminable length. He was more perhaps of the country gentleman than the Bishop, and more of the nobleman than either.

"Galway," said he, on hearing Frank's county, "why I've ridden a steeple chase there many's the day; and when I last went down to shoot with my old friend, Sir Rufus M' Meara, the game-keeper, utterly unused to episcopal shooting, cried out "*mark your holiness*" whenever I raised a covey!

The dinner was a pleasant one; Lady Louisa was cordial and kind, the Bishop full of *petits soins* for Violet, who sat by his side, and with whom he talked much of her uncle and the merry days when one was a recently ordained curate and the other a gallant young lieutenant in the navy.

"I remember dining on board Melford's ship, Mrs. Conyers," said his Lordship, "and seeing the inauguration of a new comrade. 'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Snooks (for he rejoiced in that patronymic), 'gentlemen, the first man that gives me a nickname I'll shoot him through the head!' 'Why, you're a regular Bobadil—we'll call you *Bob*,' said the undismayed Melford, and the cognomen 'Bob' stuck to him as long as he and the ship were together, without any pugilistic results!"

Violet laughed. "How amusing my uncle's old stories used to be; he served under both Lord Nelson and Lord St. Vincent, and we used to be so glad to make him talk about his two old chiefs. Did he ever tell you how he called one afternoon on Lord Nelson, and on inquiring whether he and Sir William and Lady Hamilton were at home, the answer of the old unsophisticated Norfolk servant was: 'Yes! they be, but they be's up-stairs a cleaning on themselves!'"

The Bishop laughed heartily. "Didn't that man afterwards live with Melford as his butler, and wasn't there some story about his giving Lord Nelson's arm holy burial."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Conyers, "yes to both questions; he *did* live with my uncle, and a curious, trustworthy, old specimen of humanity he was; and he *did* take his master's arm and vow it was Christian flesh and should have Christian funeral rites performed over it; so he put it on the top of a pile of coffins ready for burial, and the prayers were actually read over that among the number."

"Melford always gave the palm to St. Vincent over Nelson, I think," said the Bishop.

"Yes," said Violet, "uncle Melford always said the one was brave and dashing, had what school-boys would call "pluck" to an immense extent; and the other was really a gifted, clear-sighted, talented man, eccentric to a degree, but, nevertheless, a man who commanded the respect of all who knew him. Lord Nelson was great in action but small, almost contemptible, on all other occasions; he had the Norfolk twang to a great extent, and was completely under what happened to be very bad and deteriorating female influence."

"Lady Hamilton's, you mean, of course," said the Bishop. "What a consummate actress that woman was! Born an oyster girl, it is surprising how graceful her movements were, even when her actions were what we should call vulgar in another. I have myself seen her bring tears into the eyes of both Sir William Hamilton and Lord Nelson at the same time. Sir William was talking about the provision he trusted would be made for her when he died. 'Die!' she exclaimed; 'you shall die in my arms, Sir *Willum*,' extending them theatrically as she spoke, and tears streamed down the cheeks of both Admiral and Diplomat!"

"I have often heard my uncle lament that Lady Hamilton's influence should have availed to prejudice Lord Nelson in the eyes of George the Third," said Violet. "George the Third had a great objection to officers wearing foreign decorations, and Lady Hamilton insisted upon his appearing with them at St. James's. The consequence was that the King treated him with marked disrespect; and though he afterwards relented and sent a message commanding his attendance at the Palace, it was too late, Nelson had sailed, and Trafalgar prevented the reconciliation between monarch and hero!"

"Melford was an ill-treated man in the service, I think," said the Bishop; "that brilliant action of his off Naples deserved a higher reward than it met with."

"Yes," replied Violet, "my uncle would have been made a Peer had not there been a doubt whether it was in the Power of the Regency to confer such an honour. I remember his telling us that when he landed wounded at Portsmouth, after that gallant exploit of which you were speaking, crowds assembled to see him carried on shore in his cot, and the acclamations of the multitude were perfectly deafening, 'I might have felt proud,' said my uncle, 'but I thought, Now, if I were going to be hung the crowd would be just as great!'"

"Yes," laughed the Bishop, "but the acclamations and epithets applied by the mob would have been somewhat different; but that was just like my friend Melford: he was the humblest fellow that ever breathed. After the most brilliant deeds he thought no more of himself than if he had been a stay-at-home half-pay lieutenant. There was something very delightful too in the universal sunshine of his benevolence; his politeness and kindness seemed no effect of external polish but to spring from the heart itself."

"His great happiness," said Violet, "was to fill his house even to

overflowing with those to whom the visit was not only a pleasure but a *real* benefit; he was decidedly a 'cheerful giver,' if ever a man was."

"He was treated very unfairly about that last command. The Admiralty owned that his were the superior claims, but they gave it as usual to Parliamentary influence," said the Bishop: and in such pleasant chat the dinner passed away, on *one* side at least; for on the other a shy curate was Violet's neighbour, and whenever there was any break in the episcopal conversation he felt himself bound to entertain her, and evidently hunted about for an observation which he picked out of his quiver with the deliberate care of a young beginner deeply anxious to hit right into the bull's eye.

"Do you draw, Mrs. Conyers?"

"No," said Violet good-naturedly, "I am a degenerate *Conyers*, for I do not: all my husband's family inherit an artist's eye and an artist's hand."

Curate hums, clears his throat, and mildly tries another query: "Perhaps you sing, Mrs. Conyers?"

"Yes! indeed I do when I'm alone; and as I've no ear, I like my own singing just as well as Jenny Lind's; but I daresay you wouldn't agree with me!"

Shy young man grows shyer still—doesn't like to say he *should* like Mrs. Conyers's singing, and feels it would be equally impossible to say he *shouldn't*!—he hunts about for another pebble out of his quagmire spirit to shy at his opponent, and at last a brilliant idea seizes him.

"Perhaps you ride, Mrs. Conyers?"

"No! *Mrs. Conyers* doesn't ride," said Violet. "*Miss Harewood* did and very much she enjoyed it; but horses and curacies were not made to go together, and I have bid adieu to my 'Arab steed' with almost as much grief as a Sheik of the desert would feel!"

The curate's stock of questions were exhausted and mildly laying down his guns, like a good son of the Church in difficulties, he consigned Violet to the guidance of the Bishop of the diocese.

The next day Violet was among the first of the crowd that filled the cathedral for that beautiful service, the ordination, fraught to her with a peculiar interest because it concerned her own loved Frank. The words were spoken, and Frank's destiny was fixed. He whose talents might have commanded a prominent place among his fellow-men, made himself their servant; he into whose discreet ear the secrets of Courts and of Empires might have been whispered, chose rather to bend it to listen to the poor widow's faltering tale of want; and he whose eye filled with enthusiastic drops at any tale of heroism, taught his step to tread gently the dark stair to where lay some bed-ridden penitent, and his voice to murmur softly words of hope and consolation in her ear.

Monday morning saw Frank and Violet, and Violet's maid, starting from Chester *en route* to their new abode—to the *first curacy*! The first curacy! the arena on which a young man first tries his steps on the field of life, the scene of many mistakes; the battle plain where many

a darling theory lies unhorsed and overthrown, where enthusiasm runs its first tilt with reality and is often severely wounded in the combat. The young curate enters the first curacy believing himself sublime, and he leaves it knowing himself to be *fallible*. Who will forget the first anxiety about the surplice—the hands; the eagerness to be sure of the lessons; the hot flushes called up by a mistaken word; the disgust because Farmer Giles went to sleep in the very best bit of the sermon, that had cost the curate some midnight oil; the indignation when widow Brown, whose boy had been admonished for being late in school, asserted “She’d wouldn’t come no more to church, *that* she wouldn’t!”

Frank had his share of these annoyances, and perhaps his share of enthusiastic plans to be crushed out of him by the battle of life. Trentville was a very pretty place, and a sole charge. Close to the beautiful old church, with its richly carved tower, a green gate in the wall led into the Rectory grounds, where a spreading walnut tree afforded a grateful shade in summer and an endless dessert in winter; a sloping lawn dotted with rare shrubs extended before the bay windows, which looked on the carriage sweep; a walled garden on one side contributed peaches, apricots, pears, and an abundance of vegetables; from the upper rooms there was a lovely view of distant hills stretching away to the sea; while on one round knoll shadows and sunbeams alike loved to play. Now a cloud paused, as if daring the sunbeam to follow it—one instant, and the rapid child of light followed, and the shadow was chased away. Violet loved to stand at the casement, a large old fashioned one, which commanded this view, and watch their game; she loved a fine day full of catching lights; and it sent a gladness into her spirit to drink the sweet fresh air from her open window, listen to the singing of the birds, the lowing of the kine, and the rush of the little brook that murmured through the Rectory garden; while her hand idly played with the tendrils of the vine that hung around and *framed* her window. Sometimes she would gather the exquisitely shaped vine leaves, and her maid would twist the natural garland in her hair; and sometimes the red arbutus berries would lend their aid to ornament her for Frank’s presence. For every action, every thought of Violet’s life, terminated in *Frank*. She often laughingly said that ordering dinner had become a poetical occupation; it was such a delight to try and surprise Frank by some tempting morsel, and make his table look pretty and elegant. Frank would come in wearied with the day’s labours, and Violet would fly to receive him, to sit with him while he drest, and to hear his tales of joys and sorrows.

“They are a ‘rough lot’ about here, Violet, as Farmer Higgins says,” said Frank one day. “I asked Fawn why he didn’t come to church, and his answer was ‘Why don’t *you* come to chapel?’” Violet laughed heartily. “Oh! I’ve got a better story for you than that. I met Ellen Simpson carrying a pitcher. ‘Ellen, what have you got there?’ I said. ‘Please, sir, it’s a pint of gin for our lodger, ’cos his a teetotaller and don’t drink no beer!’”

"Now, Frank, that's too good to be true—you made it!"

"Indeed, upon my veracity, I didn't, Violet; it's a **fact**, and Ellen Simpson and the pitcher are realities in the village."

Frank had been some weeks in the parish before he had performed any occasional services, and great was his desire to do so. He had preached, he had read prayers; but had had no burials, no christenings, no churchings, no marriages. Nobody chose to die, to give the new curate the satisfaction of performing the funeral service for the first time, and lovers were equally unaccommodating with regard to marriages!

At last one day a woman came up in wild haste to have a child baptized. What a scene of excitement, what a mustering of prayer-books—anxiety as to how to hold the baby—enthusiasm about the baby! Of course Violet came to see and assist at the ceremony, proffered the aid of her advice and medicine chest to the mother, who afterwards complained in her country dialect, "it *mauled* the child dreadful!" She had allowed Violet to choose the child's name, and at her earnest request had exchanged the usual Jane or Mary for the more euphonious "*Eva*." The baptized child recovered, and Violet often stopped to notice the healthy crowing babe in its mother's arms, and to lament over the degeneration of its name into "*Heave-her!*"

CHAPTER III.

MINGLED WOOLFS IN THE WEB OF LIFE.

"I wind about and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

TENNYSON.

VISITORS around began to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Conyers; they were principally clergy, though some exceptions to the general rule made the society pleasanter.

First in order, as in Violet's liking, there was Mr. Stanley and his nice, pleasing wife, his agreeable, beaming daughters, and merry, gentleman-like boys. Mr. Stanley, the Rector of Wellbane, had been brought up as a man of large fortune. An only son, as a boy, he had had an unlimited allowance at Eton and Oxford; and, as a man, he had spent so liberally in the indulgence of taste and *vertu*, that now his large family compelled him to draw in more than was agreeable to one of his cultivated, refined, and perhaps expensive inclinations. He had a well-stored mind, an agreeable manner, and was full of wit and information, a charming neighbour at a dinner-party, and an inestimable acquisition to a pic-nic. Indolently good-natured, he left the cares of life to his wife and daughters. His wife, a gentle, pleasant, lady-like person, surprised one

by the ease with which she accommodated herself to cares for which she had evidently not been born. The second daughter was recently married to a man much older than herself, who had loved her from a child; an eccentric individual who affected broad-brimmed hats, and dust-coloured gaiters; who did kind deeds to everybody, and encouraged the poor around him to renewed combats with fate. Mr. Reynolds had long had his eye on little Gracey Stanley. When he made room for her childish figure between himself and her elder sister in returning from some merry meeting in the forest—when he brought her groundsel for her bird, or green stuff for her rabbits—ever and anon a thought shot through his heart that the makings of a charming wife lay hid in Gracey Stanley's childish character. He was always inventing some fire-works, some rural festival, for an excuse to lure Gracey and her brothers under his roof, and his kind, eccentric manner gained upon the child's heart; and when at seventeen, in the full bloom of opening womanhood, he asked her of her father—who started with surprise and astonishment at the idea of little Gracey being married, and married to Mr. Reynolds too—Gracey, on being consulted, gave a blush and a smile and placed her little hand confidently in his, and Abel Reynolds was one of the happiest of men. He surrounded his little wife with all the luxuries and comforts heart could wish: flowers bloomed in her garden, bright chintzes decked her rooms; a gentle, quiet, but spirited horse neighed in her stables, and seemed to caress the hand that fed him; canaries hung in cages around their mistress's boudoir, and filled the house with music; and Mr. Reynolds thought no man so blessed as he, when Gracey's merry voice thanked "Abel" for her happiness. In this joyous home, however, there had recently fallen a drop of sadness. Providence will not let us have *unclouded* sunshine; showers of sorrow temper the scorching heat of prosperity, which would perchance wither up our fairest fruits. Love itself—Eternal Love—dips its brush in grief's fountains, and scatters holy water from thence on the brows of its chosen ones; and Gracey and her husband were to be no exception to the general rule. Had you listened to Mr. Reynolds' conversation at a dinner-party you would have gathered from it that "among the many importations from India it was a pity we didn't introduce infanticide," that "children were one of the worst effects of the Fall" (as the French critic said of Milton's "Paradise Lost!"—that "the earth brought forth thorns and briars, and women a lot of screaming babies"). All this and more you would have gathered from Mr. Reynolds' dinner talk, but deep within the heart of Abel Reynolds there lay a very tender spot and a very warm hope; that spot was for *children*, and *that* hope that a son of his own might make Gracey's home yet brighter and her face yet fairer, lit by a mother's love. The baby's cry was indeed heard beneath the roof-tree of Abel, but it was a faint and wailing sound and soon grew hushed for ever. To Gracey, who was passionately fond of children, this was a bitter sorrow, and often and often did the tears stream down her cheek as she thought of the few brief

moments when a child of her's had breathed on earth. Abel hid his grief, but it was there, nevertheless, and the sight of a child glad and joyous in its nurse's arms, brought back the fresh pain as he thought of the mound of unconsecrated earth beneath which rested the body of his *scarcely* born infant.

Of course, Violet visited this family, and enjoyed Mr. Reynolds' quaint sarcasm and Mrs. Reynolds' merry girlish vivacity and simplicity; but it was the eldest sister, Adelaide Stanley, to whom she turned with the greatest interest and friendship. Adelaide was of a peculiarly open disposition; she hardly knew you before *you* knew all about *her*. She was what the world calls a "*get-on-able*" person. Her brother-in-law, Abel, often said she wanted *pride*, but I think the entire absence of that principal quality of his Satanic majesty constituted Adelaide's especial charm. The boys were dashing, high-spirited, gentlemanly fellows, full of life and ardour, as undismayed in the presence of the Bishop of the diocese, when he came to stay with their father, as with Farmer Slubbins. The same hearty "Good morning, sir," greeted them both.

Then Violet visited another clerical family, Mr. Penthold and his neat, quiet wife. Mr. Penthold was sententious, dry, sarcastic; a man of a sorrowful spirit, who seemed to be always eating acidulated drops, as it were, for his daily bread. They had no children but an adopted daughter. Caroline Heimweh lived with them, the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Penthold's; who, having been brought up by her grandfather, an Irish Peer, as his sole heiress, married to displease him, and had died in the extreme of want and misery, leaving her child destitute. Mrs. Penthold, whose station in life had been widely different from that of the beautiful Caroline Montgomery, and who, as a child, had only been admitted as the daughter of Lord Durwood's agent to play with his companionless heiress, no sooner heard that her old friend lay dying, utterly destitute of comforts, than she flew to her side hoping to supply, as far as she could, her temporal wants and relieve her mind of its heavy burden by promising to be a mother to her little one. It was no slight journey for poor, quiet Mrs. Penthold to take in the depth of the winter; for it was in a forlorn German town, on the banks of the Rhine, that poor Caroline Montgomery, was cast on a sick-bed, deserted by her worthless husband, who had absconded with all her jewels as soon as her health failed, and utterly ignored by her indignant grandfather; who, after the desertion of his heiress, had married again, and had now no eyes, nor ears, nor heart, but for the bright face and merry prattle of his lisping heir. At a ball in a German watering-place, whither the old gouty Peer had repaired for the benefit of the waters, Miss Montgomery had met her future husband blazing in false jewelry and rejoicing in the title of a Baron. It was sufficient for her grandfather to denounce him as a swindler and impostor, and imperatively forbid her to dance with him, to make her *resolve* upon not only dancing but marrying; it was her first contradiction, and it was more than she could bear. She married in haste, and bitterly repented

at leisure, when, by all accounts, the Herr Baron von Heimweh turned out to be no less a person than the disinherited son of a petty inn-keeper, near Carlsruhe ; at least, so he told her himself one day in a fit of passion, and that seemed good authority. A miserable year they dragged out together, and at last it was with a sensation of relief that she found he had left her for America with a companion that afforded her a good excuse for never receiving him again. Hope now seemed reviving in her heart. With her infant, now her only companion, she would begin a fresh life : she would work, she would strive, she would live for her child ; and perhaps ere long her grandfather's heart would relent and he would help her on her stony road by the outstretched hand of kindness ; but "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*," says the French proverb, and poor Madame Heimweh found herself rapidly sinking beneath an incurable and torturing disease. Hastily she penned a few lines to her old childhood's friend, the agent's little daughter, and the clergyman's wife ; and quiet, prim, stay-at-home Mrs. Penthold had hardly read before she resolved, and her sententious little husband offered no opposition, rather confirming his wife's resolution by an emphatic :

"Go, my dear : the poor soul's been foolish, but folly isn't a capital offence, and twelve months with a smoking German has been expiation enough for any amount of folly. Go, my dear : Cook and Betsy will take care of me, and if the coffee isn't quite as strong as when you are at home, and if Betsy's young man eats all the apple pasties, why, it will only be my contribution to the charitable expedition you are setting forth upon."

It never entered into Mr. Penthold's calculations to go with his wife, to leave his quiet, rural parish, to actually put the sea with all its unseen and hitherto *unfelt* horrors between himself and England ; to land in a country where only an unknown and foreign tongue sounded around him, where his *wrong* was their *right*, and their *right* his *wrong* !—where women went without bonnets and men wore ear-rings, where the masculine gender made your beds and the feminine appendages waited at table, where Sundays looked like Mondays, and people eat apple sauce with chickens and thought salt goose a luxury ! No, poor Mr. Penthold's hair would actually have stood on end on his head to witness these enormities, and many a little quaint speech of fretful dismay would he have uttered : so he bided at home, wandered about his garden in an old hat, sauntered into the school and visited his farmers ; while his prim, quietly demure wife set forth upon her travels, escorted by her brother, to rescue from her state of misery and destitution the child of the Lord of their land. We pass over Mrs. Penthold's dismay as she first stepped on ship-board ; her disgust at the shaky plank, the tarry ropes, the stifling and brandy-fuming cabin, in which human beings are penned like the cattle were formerly in Smithfield market ; her consternation as the deadly qualms of the sea malady crept over her and gradually absorbed every sense and feeling. To all around she appeared an object of amusement—a raw, untravelled, Eng-

lishwoman with an unexpanded mind ; a butt for witty tourists' jokes, and a jest even to the stewardess—but to us who know the true heart that beats under that stiff exterior, and the errand of mercy on which the plain untravelled Englishwoman is bent, there seems a sanctity and holiness about her and her mission, which would invest even her carpet bag with glory.

It was the afternoon of a cold, windy, March day when Mrs. Penthold reached the small town on the Rhine, whence her friend's letter was dated. The travellers landed from the steamer and passed along the straggling streets, unthronged as yet by hosts of tourists, and in their primitive and *winter* simplicity. A few steps brought them to the address, a poor and miserable second-class German inn—"Die Krone," as a board waving backwards and forwards in the blast gave them to understand. The knocker was grasped by Mrs. Penthold's hands, and the result was a blithe "*Guten morgen, was befehlen sie ?*" from a round, merry German-faced girl, capless, but with a blue knitted, silk fringed handkerchief coquettishly tied around her beautifully arranged head with its wreaths of plaited hair. Now German was an unknown tongue to Mrs. Penthold. She tried the little boarding-school French she possessed, but that was equally puzzling to her interlocutress : "*J'ai besoin—I want—j'ai arriver pour voir, j'ai besoin—I say—de mon amie—English lady—malade—in. J'ai arriver pour elle regarder pour—look—I mean.*"

"*Ah ! Frühstück meinen sie ? Ya ! gewiss ! sein-sie so gut herein zu treten. Nun bring ich es geschwind in ein Paar minuten.*"

All this harangue was lost on the unfortunate traveller, but she understood that she was to enter, and enter she did accordingly ; and happily for her she encountered the landlady herself, who could speak quite English enough to understand the whole affair, and speedily conducted her along the narrow, uncarpeted passages to the room occupied by Madame Heimweh and her eight weeks' old baby. As they approached the door a feeble wailing, moaning sound might be heard.

"*Ah das armes kind, ce pauvre petite—*poor schild—I ver much pity she ; Her cry all night and her Mutter all *allein* to take cares of her," said the hostess, as she tapped fruitlessly at the door without any answering "*herein.*" Nothing replied to her efforts but the low, monotonous wail of the crying baby, who seemed sinking from want, and whose cry grew feebler every moment.

"I can bear this no longer," said Mrs. Penthold, and she moved the latch and entered, to find the sanctity of death resting on that miserable chamber. There on a wretched pallet lay the lifeless body of her she had come to save ; and crying upon its dead mother's breast lay the only comfort that she had possessed in this world. The unconscious mourner seemed to know and to bewail the severance of the link that had bound her to her mother. Occasionally the babe, apparently wearied out, stilled its cry for some moments and applied its lips to the withered bosom where Death had already dried the fountain of life, only to take them away

again with a fresh burst of disappointment. It was a piteous sight—life beginning and life ending—the mother passing from care and sorrow, and the child just entering upon them; and the tears streamed down quiet Mrs. Penthold's cheeks as she took the poor infant in her arms and vowed to be a mother to it.

"She must have passed away in de night, in die half dark time dis morgen, for we never see her since she 'ave drink her kaffee at sichen heure yestern evening," said the landlady.

Who knows the lonely hours through which, strength and life gradually failing her, the heart-stricken wanderer lay dying and yearning for one familiar face, for one accustomed tone of kindness to soothe the bed of death. Alone she lay dying—she once the pride and joy of all—alone, save for the helpless little one that lay closely pressed, as her one sole comfort, in the mother's arms; but fainter every moment must have become that clasp. To the glazed eye the sight of the babe must have become dimmer every instant, and the clouded faculties must have felt more and more difficulty in rousing themselves to attend to its wants; but it is probable that, in that momentary lighting up before death, a mother's love triumphed and she endeavoured with her last effort to still its cry by placing within its reach the food bestowed by Heaven. The effort was probably too much for her, and, as the infant pressed its lips upon her breast, she must have expired.

Mrs. Penthold stayed long enough to see her friend's body consigned to the German burial place by the English clergyman from the neighbouring watering-place, a stout *bon-vivant*, who found foreign fare and foreign work more congenial than English to his taste, and who enjoyed life by pacing the public walks, accompanied by his hideous poodle, almost as fat as his master, nodding first to one and then to another of his congregation and acquaintances, and much exulting when the "Herzog" himself and the Frau Herzogen Wittwe and the Prinzessin passed him by with a bow or a few words of recognition, partly addressed to him as the English Herr Geistlicher, and partly as English master, which post he filled in the Palace. It was a melancholy sight that funeral of the wandering Englishwoman in a foreign land, and behind the coffin followed the one chief mourner carried in the arms of Mrs. Penthold, unconscious yet of its loss. The burial took place within twenty-four hours of the death, and then began, according to German law, the scraping and white-washing of the chamber, the burning and auction of the furniture, of the trinkets, of the very clothes of the deceased.

Mrs. Penthold was thankful when all the arrangements were completed, and she could return to her quiet English home and sententious little English husband. The rough pebble of foreign travel which had stirred awhile the tranquil stream of her daily life was soon forgotten, and her days flowed calmly on. Caroline inherited the warmth of heart of her mother's land with a tinge of the mysticism of her fatherland; she was Irish and she was German, a captivating combination; and Violet,

passionately fond of everything talented and uncommon, took to her exceedingly ; much more, if the truth is to be told, than to quiet Mrs. Penthold, whose French was atrocious, but accounts unexceptionable, whose favourite book was her butcher's book, and whose every thought was concentrated on domestic economy.

Besides these two families, there were a couple of other clericals, common-place men, who sat in their dining-rooms, and whose children wore brown Holland pinafores, people with whom Violet had nothing in common, to whom she was civil because civility was in her nature, but with whom she could never be intimate. Believe me, reader, there is nothing so intolerable as a vulgar clergyman. A vulgar naval man has a sort of salt-water savour about him, that is racy and piquant, and you excuse him ; but in the clergyman you *expect* the gentleman, look for the man of refinement and education, the well stored mind, the classical taste, the courteous address, and agreeable conversation. You look for all this, I say, and you find a man who can only talk of "Billy's difficulty in cutting his back teeth, and what a girl Sarah Jane has proved herself—quite incapable of taking care of our children, let Anna Maria get at the jam, and Ellen Louisa tear her pinafore getting up the hen-roost ladder !" Let our married clergymen beware of twaddle, and domestic twaddle above all things. Other men's business lies afar off, and they are thrown into the busy current of the world's stream. Men among their fellow men, they go forth and change the scene, and

" Ground in yonder social mill,
They rub each other's angles down,"

as Tennyson hath it. But the clergy, they are generally, at all events for half the year, the great men of their parish—the one gentleman of the vicinity. All they meet in their daily course are below them in refinement, and intellect, and intelligence ; and if they return home to a common-place, uneducated wife, to an unrefined home, to a conversation (if such it can be called !) entirely confined to local matters and domestic worries, mind and manners *must* sink to a level with those they associate with. Therefore, oh ! ye country parsons, choose for your wives, companions, and *elevating* not *deteriorating* friends !

One other clerical family there was that Violet liked much. Mr. Thurlow, Sir James Thurlow's brother and probable heir, lived in the old, antique, curious family mansion, which had been *repaired* in the days of James the First ; he officiated in the little chapel on the estate, and combined lord of the manor and rector ; while his unmarried elder brother wandered far and wide, now gazing at the falls of Niagara, and now shooting tigers in Bengal. Mr. Thurlow had three daughters and one son ; one all-important, delicate little boy, educated entirely at home : girls whose *amusement* consisted in spelling out the Coptic alphabet, who laid out their garden plot in mathematical figures, and propounded riddles to one another in Hebrew ; yet withal good, simple-hearted, domestic girls,

untraveller, unrepresented—knowing nothing but home studies, and the dull routine of country visiting; the fortnight of open house-keeping in the spring; the housekeeper's preserves for the ladies, and the game-keepers preserves for the gentlemen; the autumnal dinner-parties, and the gradual disappearance of neighbour after neighbour as the spring advanced, for town, for the continent, for the watering-places.

About five miles from Mr. Thurlow lived a spirit of a different order, a half-pay colonel, renting his brother-in-law's house, the member for the county, and endeavouring with all his power to make a little income appear like a great one. His one object in life appeared to be effecting a good marriage for his daughter, a handsome, dark-eyed brunette (an only child), who seemed inclined to offer no opposition to his plans. She was what the world calls a sensible girl; no romance about her. She had come into the world to make a good marriage, and a good marriage she intended to make. A town house in Belgrave Square she considered an infinitely more substantial bliss than a husband's smile, and a country dower house settled on her would remain long after a husband's supporting arm had mingled with the dust. Her grandfather had married for money before her, but her's should be money and connection as well! What matter if her husband's eye followed other forms than her's with fond admiration, his coronet and his carriage were her's beyond dispute, let his heart roam where it would! Between her and Violet there was no sympathy. She detested Colonel Repton, a regular tuft-hunter, a good-natured patronizer of all the youthful nobility of boys, who felt flattered that a middle-aged man, and an officer, should condescend to make companions of them. And Lydia Repton with her beauty, airs, and her perpetual "My dear Mrs. Conyers, you must pay *some* attention to the opinion of the world," was very inimical to Violet's taste.

Then there were the Trelawnys—Lord Bolton's younger son, who had inherited his grandmother's fortune—people who had travelled much, read much, and moved rapidly about from place to place, thereby avoiding stagnation. The Trelawnys liked society, liked their fellow-creatures to be about them, kept open house, and really laid themselves out to entertain people when they came to them. The newest games, the prettiest views, the most agreeable people were sure to be met with at Mrs. Trelawny's. And she was as agreeable in a hedge and ditch ramble as in the ball-room, or at the hunting breakfast-table. Provoke her to a walk to see anything she thought worth seeing, and her thick Balmorals were laced on directly—her dress wreathed itself into fantastic curls and twists, and made visible the bright, red petticoat below—"le toilette Osborne," as it is styled in Paris—and she was off, dauntless and undismayed, the merriest of the energetic walkers.

(To be continued.)

HUMBUG.

BY GEORGE JEWEL.

"FINE words butter no parsnips," saith the proverb. "Every man's parsnips are to a greater or a less degree so buttered," saith our every-day experience of life. *Certes*, there is no more disagreeable animal than the person, who, priding him or herself upon bluntness, and what is called speaking one's mind, blurts out upon every possible, or upon no occasion at all, his or her strictures, without the slightest deference to the feelings of others. "I see thy pride through the holes of thy cloak," was Plato's remark to the stoic. Indignant as our free-speaking friends may be, we must assert that humbug peeps out through the holes in their manners.

The upshot of all this frankness is invariably the claiming to one's self the privilege of saying unpleasant things. We put it to the experience of the sufferers whether they ever received, or heard given, the smallest modicum of praise to qualify the bitter draught so unceremoniously proffered; and we do not scruple to assert that truth is quite as little, or less regarded, and what is commonly called humbug more perceptible, in the speeches of these frank ones, than in the most sugary encomiums of our every-day life. For, as there are always some redeeming traits in the character of the most worthless, and many points of view from which every human act may be regarded, so also is it possible for human ingenuity to make the worst of what is innocent in itself, and, by looking at the most harmless actions through the tinted glasses of their own malevolence, to colour white dingy, and dingy black.

What an amount of gossip, and inexhaustible fund for conversation will the most common-place actions of their friends furnish to such persons! Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jackson have perhaps had a party, published upon their respective persons some new article of dress, or in some other equally trivial manner, drawn attention. Forthwith the Miss Vinegar or Mr. Crab of the neighbourhood are up in arms:

"Were you at Mr. Smith's last night? Ah, well! I say nothing—" and an ominous shake of the head, and a deep sigh does more than hint at the insolvency of the victim.

"Mrs. Jackson had another new bonnet last Sunday;" and forthwith your wife is enlightened upon the subject, up to the last artificial flower and scrap of ribbon thereon. And here let us mention a circumstance which has always been a great mystery to us.

How *do* these people acquire this supernaturally accurate knowledge? See them at their place of worship—their eyes glued, to all appearance,

upon their book, or fixed in meek adoration upon their Pastor—utterly absorbed—wanting, they would fain have you think, wings only to gently rise upwards and flutter out of sight, full-fledged seraphs ; but, if there be a new dress or the minutest particle of one within eye-shot, there it is, noted down, every item, and the probable cost thereof, and ready to bubble up to their lips the moment they cross the threshold. But they do not *blame*—oh, no ! they pity, they regret the folly, etc. etc.—they do all and everything but the one charitable act of holding their tongues. Shall we admit the motive or say that they are humbugs, professing one thing, insinuating, and meaning that their hearers should receive the insinuation, as another ?

Then there is the loud or shrill (according to sex) open speaker. “I gave him a bit of my mind, I spoke pretty plainly ; you know, I always say what I think.”

So you do, my dear sirs or madams, but *not one half of what you think*. For if you did *that*, you would also mention your amiable desire to lower your victim in his own estimation, to make him uncomfortable and dissatisfied with himself and all around him, and above all, give yourself malevolent pleasure at the cost of another's pain.

Most of you have these feelings. *Some*, I really believe, do such things under exactly the same impulse which prompts very little children to pull off the legs and wings of flies, and when older to torment every living creature within their reach and power. Not so much the love of giving actual pain, as utter carelessness of inflicting it, so long as you are amused yourselves. Selfish, certainly—perhaps, in grown-up persons supposed to have arrived at years of discretion, something more than selfish—but *most* certainly, not arising from the open-hearted motives you take credit for. As I before observed, you never praise unless by chance you praise the absent for the sake of humiliating by comparison the present—for as praise we cannot receive those faint commendations, “Vastly pretty, upon my word,” “quite nice,” etc. etc., when your turned-up noses and contemptuous looks add, plainly as words could speak, the saving clause, “considering what you are.” Of a truth, you are, one and all of you, humbugs, if we define humbug to be the pretence of being what in sober earnest we are not.

Take too the case of those impostors, who, ashamed of the worldly position they fill and, in other respects, fill worthily, are always, like the frog in the fable, striving to rival those of larger means. What humbugs best rooms are, with their six smartly bound, unreadable books ranged like spokes of a wheel upon the shiny loo table ; their glazed calico covered furniture, or the same stripped for the reception of victims, looking as if they scarcely knew themselves in their unwonted grandeur, and the miserable, smoky bit of fire, kindled half an hour beforehand in a grate innocent of the same for the last six months, adding probably its *quota* of damply burning wood smoke to the chilly, unmistakable smell which all best rooms have ! Wretched is a company drawing-room !

Wretched is a company bed-room! Most wretched, in such a *menage*, is a company dinner!

You sit down, fourteen in number, at a table which by no possibility should receive more than ten—an enormous segment of crinoline surges up into your lap on either side from your fair neighbours, over which you timidly, and generally vainly, endeavour to convey to your mouth some portion of the cook's shoppy soup, the flabby fish; or the cold tasteless *entree*, if you are a very rash man indeed, gifted with an iron digestion. Well for you, if the awkward green-grocer, or still awkwarder stable-boy in livery for the occasion, apply not outwardly that which should have been (we will not say, for your delectation, but by a stretch of imagination) for your sustenance. What you want is never forthcoming, what you do not want is perseveringly thrust under your nose. And so the evening progresses with vapid viands, and still more vapid small talk, until the departure of the last guest enables the wearied host and hostess to crawl up-stairs with the satisfaction, if it be such, of knowing that they have paid back in kind some of the miseries they themselves have suffered from, but with one bitter drop remaining in the chalice, the horrid consciousness that like will beget like, and another party at another house spring phoenix-like from the cruelties of their own.

Our early English kings, in days of absolute monarchy, enacted many severe statutes for the regulation both of the materials and fashion of their subjects' dresses, according to their respective grades. Earlier still, we believe that the number of dishes at their peoples' banquets was also by law appointed.

As Mr. Punch, our only British Autocrat, has hitherto failed in his crusade against the great enemy of mankind, Crinoline, perhaps it would not be prudent for Queen Victoria, otherwise than by example, to assail it. But oh! if she *would* regulate our dinners, if she would but impose a tax of Gladstonian income-tax vitality upon sham waiters, pastry cooks' made dishes, and gooseberry champagne, what a real blessing it would be! Or suppose that a man's income-tax be regulated by, and placed at that grade to which by his entertainments he evidently aspires! A word to the wise. We give the Chancellor of the Exchequer full permission to profit by our suggestion.

Dinner parties, and the approaching season of the year naturally suggest, balls,—and here we must not omit to notice a small modicum of humbug prevalent amongst our gallant youth. What sad geese a bevy of would-be Dundrearies look like, dressed to the last pin, standing in the door-ways, and feebly protesting that dancing is “a howwid bore.” What on earth do they come there at all for; not merely to look pretty, we trow? It is so dreadfully ungrateful too, when for the last few years the young ladies have been so sedulously adapting their habits of life and conversation to their level! And yet, put one of these languid youths upon a good hunter, and he will ride like a bird, and straight as the crow

flies. Set him on the moors, and he will walk with any Scotch gillie from sun-rise to sun-down ; and up the heights of Alma, and in at the Redan went, well in front, many a would-be exquisite, who a few months before, to see him crawling up Rotten Row, one would have thought had neither energy nor pluck for the undertaking. The real old British metal is still there, sure enough ; but, in good truth, the sham modern gilding with which they are pleased to overlay it, is simply disgusting ; and utterly trashy and silly (save in Mr. Sothern's admirable acting) as the Haymarket Farce is, we shall owe it no small debt of gratitude, if by its absurdities this Sporus-like effeminacy is brought down to a discount.

And now, before we take leave of our readers, let us just hint why and wherefore it is, in proverbial diction, that every man's parsnips are more or less buttered by fine words. Just imagine, if our plain-speaking friends were the many, instead of, happily, the few, what a world it would be ! Fancy Tompkins, under the infliction of a morning call from his friend Jackson, telling him what a bore he is, instead of blandly asking after Mrs. J. ; or Edith, instead of flying into the arms of darling Annie as she enters the room, shrieking out : " You fright, what a hideous bonnet ! " Possibly these opinions *may* ooze out after their departure ; in the meanwhile, *politesse*, the current small coin of society, and in its sphere quite as useful a circulating medium as fourpenny bits and halfpence, keeps all smooth upon the surface : and as I suppose we none of us expect that our friends, who, as the occasion requires, express their joy or sorrow, are in reality much affected by these passions, we take their speeches, as they take ours, at their current value—small, it may be, but convenient—and all goes well.

The worth of such coin is determined, and no one is deceived in its circulation. Whilst, on the other hand, all sham, every endeavour to appear different to what we really are, and to make others believe the same, come deservedly under the gentleman-like and well sounding appellation of

HUMBUG !

OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

THE SURPLUS WOMEN ;

CAN THEY MARRY AND STAY AT "HOME?"

"TO BE or not to be?" To die or not to die?

These are grave and startling questions that with thrilling importunity must often present themselves to the self-dependant Englishwoman of the present day—one of our "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND."

In our first paper* we recorded the fact that in England there are *more women than men*; the excess being estimated by

The Rev. W. Garrett, at 600,000 ;

Mr. W. R. Greg, at 750,000 ;

and, as we have since discovered by their publication, set down in

The Census returns for 1861, at 573,500.

Having, as we hope, fixed our reader's attention upon this suggestive reality, we ventured to seek for the cause of a disproportion in the relative number of the sexes in this country which has engendered an evil that must grow and strengthen until the wiser policy of Statesmen, and the more equitable and generous sentiments of the public, interfere to apply the remedy.

We showed that the births of males and females are, as a rule, on a par, a slight excess in those of the former serving to maintain the appointed equilibrium by providing for the accidental greater mortality of men. Having thus disposed of a notion that more females than males come into this weary world—a notion that still lingers in the minds of gentle disputants who do not encumber their arguments by a reference to proved facts and to dry figures, and which is expressed with much eagerness by the very wise gentlemen who regard polygamy as a natural institution,—we then searched for our "MISSING MEN." Within the seas of Britain they were not; and we cast our eyes across the waters; we hearkened to "the wild waves"—and, like little Paul Dombey, that matchless creation of genius, we asked "what are they saying?" In plain prose we found our missing men—the fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers of two-thirds of our six-hundred-thousand on the other side of the Atlantic and beyond the South Pacific.

The conclusion was inevitable.

Family emigration is so entirely exceptional as to have no perceptible influence in modifying the effects of the persistent and impolitic exodus

* Vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," for November, p. 49.

of males to which we owe the superabundance of females at home, and their desolate position. We are told in a glowing leader, that the "cheerful Englishmen" who might—religion would say, *ought* to have taken with them, wife, sister, mother, daughter, are standing on the sea-shore many thousand miles away, or among the "placers," pausing on the pick, looking with big blue eyes for the "batch of female emigrants"—each ticketed, labelled, and strongly recommended—which is to supply the greatest want of the colony, to civilize the wild community and to polish the rough diamonds of the diggings.

We sketched, but too feebly, the life of suspense, care, anguish, and privation of the women left behind in their helplessness by the men who went east, west, north, and south, over land and sea, and far away from home—in quest of gold, ease, and freedom. And we forbore not—for it was our duty—to breathe of the peril that awaited the souls of these Christian women when the means of honest subsistence were found insufficient, and that hunger dogged their footsteps and crouched down beside them on the hearth.

In the interest of the cause that we have undertaken to aid, we have deemed it not inexpedient to prelude this second portion of our inquiry, by a retrospective glance at the first. No one can well dare to promise himself that what he has written and printed on the first day of the month shall be green in the memory of his reader on the last; and we would be content to share the fate of more popular talent and to learn that our pages had left but the faintest trace—if any—upon the mind had we contemplated the amusement only of the public. But our aim is higher; our object graver. We have sat down in saddened seriousness: we have addressed ourselves to our voluntary task with the tenderness of sympathy, and the earnestness of conviction, in the strong hope that the language of truth, however rude and stern, will not injure the cause we have at heart; nor the pictures that we paint, *ad vivum*, prove too dark and depressing to be fruitfully contemplated by the gentlest and noblest of those whose influence and example are all-powerful in the land.

We are about to inquire into the means by which one of our "six-hundred-thousand," without support from friend or relative, can in this country, maintain her position in society—or, failing that, keep herself from starvation or the work-house.

Until lately and very lately, their means consisted in teaching—in needlework and domestic service. Professions and trades, other than these, Englishwomen were neither trained nor expected—may we not say *permitted*—to exercise.

When, from a conviction of its vital necessity, it was first proposed to enlarge the sphere of employment for women, a shock was given to certain ancient and venerable prejudices in our country: the eyebrows of the public were lifted in wonder at the absurdity of the idea, and not an inconsiderable section of society regarded the overture as indelicate and subversive of public morals. There was a good deal of titter among

gentlemen-idlers ; a little flutter of fans ; and no end of angry and snarling remonstrance from broad-shouldered, blue-bearded men who, having monopolized every honourable and profitable occupation for man or woman, raised the cry of "encroachment" and "trespass" and warned off the weaker vessels as invaders and poachers.

To this silly, unjust, and most short-sighted line of conduct, there is no doubt that the want of due feminine sympathy with their sex on the part of a large and influential body of the women of England gave substantial countenance. But the increasing number of destitute females ; the choked up condition of the avenues of employment as governesses, needlewomen, and domestic servants,—the deaths by suicide and starvation ; and the ominous addition to the ranks of the pariahs whose apparition in the streets startles us in the blaze of day and whose shadows fall across our path at night, making us shudder and recoil even while we yearn with woman's pity for her fallen sister,—these were facts too prominent to be denied, too stern to be simpered down, too awful to be disregarded.

It was conceded that "something ought to be done"—that "the matter ought to be considered"—that "it was very hard"—and "a pity"—and "dreadful"—and "really ought not to be : " but (alas ! for these *but*s, how they stop the way !) "but *how* could it be helped ? the question was one of great delicacy—very great delicacy indeed—and—and—in short *women ought to marry and stay at home*. What did they want with education, and trades, and professions, and all that ? It was very unfeminine—very."

And the Sir Oracles, kind men and good, stroked their smooth chins (Crimean beards had not then come in), and the ladies who listened languidly, looked relieved and quite satisfied, and dismissing the subject as one finally settled, went forth to shop at west-end emporiums and be waited on by muscular young gentlemen with irreproachable white ties and very lady-like hands.

"There is a time for all things : " the time was not come for the recognition of woman's right to live by her industry, and to claim a fair field if no favour. The world was interested in other things : men, for their own reasons, were against the innovation : women, who knew not want, disliked the novelty : and brawny, strong-lunged rivals who feared a reduction of wages from female competition, succeeded in shouting and jostling their suffering sisters out of the arena.

The friends of the movement, if for a season compelled to inactivity and silence, were not dismayed : the sneers of ignorance, the wrath of jealousy, and the crookedness of prejudice were insufficient to subdue their courage and perseverance. The initiatory steps were taken to provide other resources for women than those supplied by the thankless office of governess—by the needle, and the duster. Here and there a spark of hope brightened into reality : here and there was found a female, toiling under difficulty and depression, as clerk, cashier, copyist, or wood-

engraver ; here and there a *lady* portrait-painter, struggled for her share of the guineas of a public coldly and stupidly prejudiced against "*female* artists : " and here and there a house converted into a "home," was opened as the nucleus of a flourishing establishment, intended to be the *Alma mater* of successive generations of educated, disciplined, and well-qualified female professors of *Arts-et-métiers* hitherto practised in England by men only. Yet there was no kindly response : and, WAIT ! was the watchword.

The liberal-minded manufacturer who had the courage and the humanity to propose the employment of women in the trade of watch-making, found ignorance and prejudice in possession of the platform. In vain he lectured upon the subject, and demonstrated the fact that their superior delicacy of touch, elegance of fancy, and capacity for receiving the necessary instruction, placed them, at least, upon a par with men : his female "hands" were regarded with scorn and hostility. So much merriment was excited among a portion of his auditors by his endeavour to show that women, properly instructed, *could* put together the various pieces that constitute the mechanism of a watch ; so much stolid obstinacy was displayed by venerable routinists ; and so much fierce opposition presented by the male monopolists of employment, that a scheme truly laudable, and, to the public, advantageous, fell to the ground when first mooted. In Switzerland, at Geneva and Neufchatel, women and girls, little children even, count among the competent hands in watchmaking : but Mr. Benson found that to suppose an Englishwoman, however naturally clever, and however carefully educated, could prove a skilful mechanic was quite out of the question with dear, good, kind-hearted, but often short-sighted and blundering John Bull. This most celebrated London watchmaker, liberal and enlightened, was, in that time, either smiled at as a "lady's man" and an amiable Quixote, or suspected of a desire to lower the wages of industrious men and, for gain, deteriorate the character of English horology. The failure of Mr. Benson's benevolent scheme is but one instance of the stupid, cruel, and inveterate hostility to the efforts of kind and wise men to open to women the field of varied, honest, and remunerative labour.

All great and radical reforms are of slow growth : the change to be operated in the minds of men before the necessity can be recognised by the multitude and the triumph of a principle secured, is not the work of a day. Even at this period when so much has been spoken and written upon the subject, and so many generous efforts have been made—when earnest and zealous minds have laboured to win over to the cause the sympathies of the public, and to procure a patient and an impartial hearing for the weaker party ;—at a moment when the fact stares them in the face, that there are thousands of their countrywomen who, *if they eat bread must first earn it*, there are men, kind, amiable, educated, esteemed of high intellect, and known to be God-fearing and not uncharitable to the poor ; men who, we grieve to say it, attempt to put down by ridicule,

or argument, the noble project of enabling woman to maintain herself. That marriage is woman's destiny and home her sphere, are dogmas promulgated by philanthropists, who fail to perceive that if marriage be the destiny of women, it must, as a consequence, be the destiny of men.

But that the men of our time do not accept the fiat, and meekly submit their necks to the yoke of matrimony, we have the authority of the "Seven Matrons of Belgravia," confirmed by everything around us, for believing.

Of our "six-hundred-thousand" it would be worth inquiring how many are women who have entered the pale of wedlock;—how many, widows mourning the loss of a husband; how many wives whose "protectors," that is their husbands, have put the seas between them and their better halves; and how many "lone women" or spinsters. The *Times* remarks that there are too many marriageable females in "merrie" England; and the "cheerful Englishmen" on the other side of the Atlantic, seem to have turned their backs on their native land to the melting air of "The girl I've left behind me." Bachelors abound; and this in the teeth of the positive assertion of a Rev. Divine, that "to marry and bear children" is "the noble and useful work" for which nature intends woman. How is it that the bridegrooms are not forthcoming; and that the marriageable young ladies are permitted to warble in solitude "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo?"

The 29th of February dates but once in four years: but once in four years may the fair expectants don the scarlet-petticoat—we blush and beg pardon, "the skirt"—and "pop the question" to the bearded bashful. The opportunity is of rare occurrence and, such is the retiring nature of man, the chance of a refusal not impossible.

If we are to credit the whispers of society and the murmurs of indignant mothers; if we are to attach significance to the signs and omens of the Clubs, the *petites-maisons*, and the thrice-envied equipages in the parks, celibacy is on the increase. Indeed we are told in unmistakable language that marriage is not in favour; that the fashion is going out in some quarters; that it is *rococo* and terribly antiquated.

Alarmed by the phenomenon that "season" succeeded "season" and still left their fair and high-born daughters unwooed and unwed, the "Seven Matrons of Belgravia," with a courage inspired by the occasion, came before the world and pointed to the cause of what they rightly considered an evil and branded as a sign of corruption. The frail sisters of the frail "Anonyma," the "pretty horse-breakers" of Rotten-Row were described as the triumphant rivals of the young, lovely, and immaculate daughters of patrician mothers! And in the memorable correspondence which ensued, among many strange and suggestive letters, of opinion and experience, one appeared to the infinite discomfiture of primitive old-fashioned people who read the Bible and believe the words of our Divine Lord: in this unique production, the economical yet *récherché* character of a *ménage* presided over by a beautiful, accomplished, and intellectual

mistress who neither possessed nor ambitioned the title of wife, was described and eulogized as forming more than an apology for a forgetfulness of religion and morality.

So celibacy is on the increase and woman's destiny controlled by man's waywardness. But if marriage elude her grasp, the "home" to which she is referred as the true sphere from whose orbit she ought not to stray, remains to her.

Is this an absolute certainty? Does it really and always exist for even the wife or widow? Is *she* permanently provided with a protecting roof and a calm fireside where she can sit, *les bras croisés*, when not employed in domestic duties or the thousand-and-one elegant nothings which, under an erroneous system of training, form the occupations of too many of our countrywomen?

Truth answers in the negative.

Nor genii, nor fairy, will in the nineteenth century erect a palace or build a cottage for the single woman, the deserted wife or bereaved widow who has neither rent, nor alimony, nor jointure; and painfully for her—wofully and wearily if she have no other resource but tuition, the needle, or the scrubbing brush—widow, wife, or spinster will find that she must step beyond the sphere of that imaginary "home" if she would not starve.

St. Paul inclined to the opinion that marriage was not a duty incumbent on all Christians; and the Apostle's teaching on the subject is, we believe, contained in the seventh chapter of 1st Corinthians. The Catholic doctrine is in accord with Scripture, as regards the lawfulness and sanctity of the single life and its agreeableness to God: but a Clergyman of the Church of England holds other views, for he asserts that marriage is the destiny of one, consequently of both of the sexes.

Now, if the Apostle be wrong, which follows if the Rev. Charles Kingsley be right, the men of England who persist in remaining bachelors cannot be held otherwise than responsible for the thwarted prospects of the women whom they have doomed to celibacy.

Can it be disputed that, if even all women had a vocation to married life which undeniably they have not, a large proportion of the anxious candidates must be content with "single blessedness," seeing that in these corrupt and degenerate days, many men, missing and not, cherish a growing predilection for the *vie-de-garçon*.

Can the nymphs marry if the swains will not? We doubt it: and with the bachelor propensity of the age, the poetical delusion that a plain gold ring is at the disposal of every daughter of Eve—and that woman need not wander from the paradise of home—we fear, ends in smoke. But another question: if the fair candidate for marriage is so fortunate as to win a husband, does it follow that she is sure of maintenance and support for the rest of her "natural life?" Is it quite clear that the "worldly goods" with which she is verbally "endowed" by her bridegroom, do not like most other of this earth's promises and possessions, sometimes, and very suddenly, dissolve in air?

Let us examine the matter.

On the 3d of November, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth stated in the Town-hall, Manchester, that of the 250,000 factory operatives who, if the cotton-famine continue, it is more than probable will be out of work at Christmas, five-tenths of the half of that number, or 62,500, *would be women*. Now the majority of these women have husbands and homes: they were, nevertheless, obliged to exercise a trade; to go from their homes to the cotton-mills; and there to work for the greater part of the day and no small portion of the night, in order to support themselves and to contribute to the maintenance of the children which they had borne.

Again: Ann Pickering of London, deserted by her husband and having five children for whom to find food, raiment and shelter, makes flannel shirts for a great city-firm, for threepence each; and, working all day and late into the night, earns, with the help of her little girl, *six shillings* per week; out of which she pays two shillings for rent, and attempts to keep life-and-soul together in her infants and herself. The result—a tragedy: the youngest child, a babe of twelve-months old, is seized with a mortal malady, the fruit of starvation and, after two or three days' suffering, drops down, and dies on her mother's floor. Yet Ann Pickering had fulfilled woman's destiny, she had "married" and, alas! for her and them, "borne children." And her "home?" Eheu.

It may be objected that our illustrations are drawn from the lowest *echelon* of the ladder: good: let us then mount: from the dismantled cottage of the female cotton-spinner and the dark and cheerless room of the deserted wife Ann Pickering, let us pry into the "first floors" and the suburban villas, and the Berlin-wool shops. What do we find and that too often?

Proof that as with the starving sempstress and the famished female operatives of Lancashire, so with their perhaps envied sisters in a presumed happier position: many thousand women in the middle classes, driven to school-keeping, music-teaching, bonnet-making, and the millinery-business to maintain husbands who, from bad health, idleness, intemperance, or other causes, do not support themselves—much less their wives and offspring. And whether this heavy burthen be cast upon the wife by the misconduct or misfortune of the husband, the consequence under the present system of female-education in this country, and the still unexploded fallacy as to "marriage," is to her equally grave and deplorable—to her children equally fatal.

That in electing "to marry and bear children" (we quote the words of an eloquent Divine)—than "handicraft" "that far nobler and more useful work for which nature intends her"—woman does not ensure to herself, or her infants, home, food, raiment and protection is, we presume, to be admitted: nay more:—that, in the present day, so far from exempting her from working for her bread, marriage frequently entails the necessity of her providing not only for herself but for her husband and his children.

It may be that some polite young gentleman will deny, some grizzled Benedict doubt the fact. We furnish proof.

In 1851, out of six millions of adult women, three millions laboured for their own subsistence, and of these three, *two millions were married*.

Perhaps ere long the courageous enterprise of MISS MARY ANNE THOMSON, in Edinburgh, and of Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, in London,* as each an effort "for extending the sphere of the employment of women, and their consequent means of self-support," will receive the more cordial sympathy of the British Public, as they already flourish in the approval and sanction of HER MAJESTY.†

Perhaps a glimmering notion will arise that, after all, woman, whether single or married, wife or widow, may be worthier of her mission, a nobler companion for man and, in all the relations of life, a better and more valuable member of society by being rendered equal to the maintenance of herself. Perhaps it will yet be more generally conceded that she has a right to apply herself to a trade or profession; employ herself in "handicraft;" or use her intellectual gifts—for bread.

Or shall the old evil be perpetuated: shall men continue to monopolize the most lucrative and honourable employments—and women, those of our "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND" continue to starve or, as the hideous alternative, barter body and soul that they may "eat, drink, and be merry."

GOD FORBID !!

E. S. C.

Nov. 1862.

*THE CALEDONIAN PRESS, 4 South Saint David Street, Edinburgh: THE VICTORIA PRESS, London.

† *Vide* the Letter to Miss Thomson, from Col. the Hon. Sir C. B. Phipps, dated Balmoral, July 26, 1862, and written by the Queen's command.—"*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," for October.

[OUR "SIX-HUNDRED-THOUSAND"—The third paper on this important subject in our Number for January 1863.]

A DAY AT HONGKONG.

BY A RESIDENT.

COMMUNICATED BY ADMIRAL HERCULES ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "SEA DRIFT," "HARRY EVELYN," ETC. ETC.

THE shrill voice of the hawker disturbs the silence of the Hongkong dawn ; the pattering of the ponies preparing for the early ride breaks upon the ear ; the sharp click of the stone-cutter's hammer (who plies his busy task before the day) is beginning to be heard ; streaks of yellow light are faintly visible in the direction of Jardine's ; ghostly figures, clothed in voluminous cotton, are seen in the imperfect light gliding through the streets, as if they were spirits called from the grave-yard or "from the vasty deep:" all these things giving note that the heated night had terminated and a more heated day was now at hand—the weary *Sonambule* being instructed that his restless hours of darkness are over, and that he must prepare for even more restless hours of light. They come quickly, for now "night's candles are burned out, and *glary* day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;" and speedily full morning bursts upon Hongkong, not advancing with measured steps and slow, but with the hop, skip, and jump which belong to tropical scene-shifting, where there is no twilight, but night and day succeed each other without the mild transition state—the dewy interval and pause in which we Northerners rejoice—these are here unknown. The evening,

"With matron steps slow moving ; whilst the night
Treads on her sweeping train, one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose on bird and beast :
The other, charged for man with sweet oblivion
Of the cares of day,"

is not our evening in latitude 21° 30' ; nor have we any dealings with the poetical lark slowly and musically ushering in the day, nor with

"Philomel down in the grove,
Breaking softly the silence of night ;"

for there are no groves and no Philomels ; but quick, presto ! here is day, and we hear the distant *réveille* of the military bands.

It is now six o'clock ; Hongkong is wide awake ; "the Boy" (who is not necessarily a juvenile, but the body servant clothed in flowing integuments of cotton) brings in a cup of tea and pokes it under the mosquito net, which thoroughly wakens up the dyspeptic recipient ; who in a little while bestrides the pony we have noticed, and is on his way to the Happy Valley. Those who are not morning equestrians walk about through their roomy verandahs ; then flounder awhile in their capacious tubs, dress, and prepare for breakfast. Outside the Celestials are lounging to and fro in

the street, chatting in crowds, shading their heads from the rising sun with their large palm-leaf fans, and dropping off one by one to their respective labours. These cadaverous natives are passed and the Happy Valley reached by the horsemen. This was whilome the Golgotha of Hongkong, but the valley of the shadow of death is now drained and cultivated, and healthful and picturesque, and the overhanging hills afford abundantly the sea breezes and sea view. This latter is misty and hot and hazy. The harbour on the left is filled with ships of war, and junks, and the busy throng of merchant steamers and passing boats. To the left and across the water is the town, new and glistening, and rising into magnitude and beauty. The Government House, looking cool and healthful, predominates, with its verandahs and pillars and multiplied windows, like a sort of sanitary fortress presiding over the opium metropolis, and in various parts the tall dwellings of the merchant princes raise their conspicuous fronts. "Merchant princes" indeed! Those of Tyre and Sidon may hide their diminished heads before the traffickers of Hongkong. Their little barques, laden with dyestuffs and ivory, and almug trees and spices and peacocks, though of large account in the time of Solomon and Hiram and in the land of Cabul, and superior to other "navies," were but "small Tritons of the minnows" compared to our argosies crammed full of silks and teas and narcotics and sycee silver.

But the sun grows powerful, and it is time to return to breakfast. I have only half an hour to diverge to my favourite spot where I may drink in at a glance the town, the bay, the newly ceded territory of Kowloon, and the little arid circuit of our original dominion. Over and over again, and ride after ride brings me here to gaze and ponder over Hongkong fortunes and Hongkong events, till the scene is impressed and engraven on my memory. I could sit down and paint it, had I the skill, with the accuracy of the photograph. Marvellous provision this of observation. I remember reading that the best painting of Guido's wonderful *Beatrice Cenci* was the work of an artist who, mourning over the prohibition to copy this *chef d'œuvre*, gazed at its details day after day till the intensified regards impressed the beauties of the picture upon his heart and brain, and he then produced from memory, as from a negative plate, a fac-simile of the work: not the coquettish *Beatrice Cenci*, or affected *Beatrice Cenci*, or lachrymose *Beatrice Cenci* which have been given to the world, but the identical conception of the divine artist. So has Hongkong, from this point of view, fastened itself into my brain; and I am sure that, if I had the manual skill to commit it to paper or canvas, I could produce from my sensorium a literal and faithful representation of all that I describe.

But now to breakfast, for it is time to return to bathe, and dress, and partake of it. The horse-boy salaams and takes the horse, and the cold water, and hot tea and curried fish, prepare one for the labours of the day. This function is lazily accomplished, when the boy returns with a cheroot and lighted joss-stick, a most happy description of alumette.

The ingredients of which it is composed are not of a very agreeable nature, but it is highly perfumed and burns steadily for some six or eight hours. The conclusion of the fumigations brings on ten o'clock, and the bamboo chair borne by two coolies is announced, in which I seat myself and am carried to my office and there deposited.

The labours of the office are rather of a desultory nature. The manuscript part is performed by clerks, English, Portuguese, and Chinese—the latter write English with much accuracy—whilst the principal is a good deal occupied in answering questions, receiving inquiries, and hearing cases; too much of Chinese affairs being conducted in talk work, interrupted by tiffin, which is followed by another application to the joss-stick, and again to work.

This at last terminates, as all business or pleasure must come to an end, and four o'clock closes the ponderous official books and the colloquial proceedings we have adverted to. And now for a look into the Club. This is a handsome building where the *élite* of Hongkong “most do congregate;” the members who compose the society, being the merchants and their *employés*, the officials, professional men, and officers of the army and navy. Everything is here discussed: the pleasant gentleman drawing upon his memory for used-up *bon mots* and Hongkong *facetie*; whilst the habitual newsmonger repeats or invents facts—which they call on board ship “Galley Packets”—as to peace or war, pirates and shipwrecks, opium, silk, and local gossip; but I have had enough of this, and must return home to change my dress and take another ride to the Happy Valley.

Well here we are and in company with all Hongkong, high and low, rich and poor—first chop, second chop, and downwards—the millionaire and the pauper—the lofty eagle, and the sparrow “which sitteth solitary on the house-top,” ruffling their plumage side by side. All *melée ensemble*, as Napoleon said of the hosts at Waterloo.

I always objected to the designation of “the Happy Valley,” as the term had been already appropriated by our magniloquent moralist and lexicographer; and whilst the name was suggestive of silence, of Rasselas, and Imlac, and Pekayah, and the solitary attendant, the din of a great multitude destroys the illusion and the appropriateness. I hope the felicitous name may be changed for some other in Chinese vernacular.

But, meanwhile, let us see whom we have here: *Imprimis*, Who is the group on whom so many *beaux saluts* are lavished, and who look as if they were bound to recognise and return the salutations of the “*oi Polloi*?” The stout handsome woman in the blue brougham with red wheels occupies a prominent place in the society of Hongkong, where she is very deservedly popular; by her side is an individual who has the air of *pose* and self-possession that indicates a conviction of his being somebody; which in truth he is, and able and successful in his capacity. He is a slight, upright, tallish man, with a youthful air and reserved look, which occasionally gives place to an *eclat de rire* that brightens up his face and shows his white teeth. His familiar air towards the lady of the

blue brougham would appear to denote the marital position which he enjoys, and the toying with the pretty child sitting by her marks a case of "papa." Standing on the other side of the carriage are three officers; one in a naval uniform, as tall and as straight as a Norwegian pine. As I am to enact the part of Asmodeus, and lift up the Hongkong house-tops and describe the inmates to my readers, I may say that the stately wearer of the naval uniform fills a high place in our China history, and is of world-wide reputation, brave as his own sword, and graceful and chivalrous—a sort of a maritime Bayard, *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. The others of the trio are in military uniforms, and both pleasing gentleman-like men; one has just returned from a success as remarkable and as brilliant as that achieved by Alexander over Xerxes, and covered with glory as with a garment; the other is also a distinguished and popular commander, who is identified with the fame of Hongkong.

Further on is a bevy of civilians in earnest conversation apparently of the great events which have recently witched our narrow world within Hongkong, and the wide world without it, with noble soldiership. Who are the two apart from the others holding such diligent discourse, and whose appearances are so remarkably dissimilar? The one with his nose *en l'air*, his chest thrown forward, and bearing the well-to-do look which the favourites of fortune are almost sure to acquire, and the other with a downcast, moody aspect which belongs to those she slights. The former we may call Fortunatus, as descriptive of his condition. He is now our opium Cræsus, being one of those who are unmistakably born with a silver or rather golden spoon in his mouth, and beginning life without any superabundant amount of the glittering metal which all men prize, it rained upon him and everything he touched was converted into it; the poppy heads of Asia yielded their juices, and the silk-worms their labours in his behalf, and nature and art seemed to combine for his enrichment. One or two scarcely less happily endowed individuals stand at a little distance, having withdrawn from the earnest conversation which Fortunatus holds with his associate whom we have first named; and whom, in virtue of his disasters, we may call Murad, or the unlucky. With him everything was *à tort et à travers*. Without any want of ability or diligence, the Goddess Fortune, whom he also wooed, repelled his advances and denied her smiles.

"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

All went wrong in great events as in trifles; ill luck pursued him through highways and byeways; whilst he was denied even the poor consolation of a hearty growl. There is no more certain indication of an individual being set apart as a target for the "arrows of outrageous fortune" than when his well-founded complaints are sure to be misconceived and offensive to his best friends, or in some shape aggravate the suffering he deplores: his thoughts and words as well as his works bring trouble.

"Oh, white cat, white cat, you have deceived me," groaned out the

Prince in the bitterness of his heart ; and he had hardly conceived the thought, when the claw of an invisible cat fastened upon his arm and tore it till the blood came out.

However, poor Murad bore his failures heroically (and their name was Legion). As in the case of Fortunatus, all he touched turned to gold ; but, like Hassan in the "Arabian Nights," when he opened the drawer, Murad found his bright new pieces converted into dead leaves. But still Murad was no "Pipe for fortune's finger to play what stop she pleases," and his resignation and equanimity from within afforded a large compensation for disaster from without.

With their ponies and the riders' heads together, we see a little further off two functionaries who seem in deep discourse ; one the politician whose diplomatic skill is equalled only by his moral courage. He is speaking to a high magnate, in a French General's uniform, of an intelligent look ; but this man of war, having lived only two years amongst the English, has actually attained, with the usual facility of his countrymen in learning languages, the two expletives, "yees" and "varygood ;" and, notwithstanding this remarkable proficiency as a linguist, he finds his attainments inadequate to a continuous discourse, nor does the oburgations, which foreigners suppose all English employ, help him, and he listens to the excellent French of his interlocutor and replies in the same language.

There are several of my friends scattered about with whom I exchange a nod or a word ; feeling very melancholy at the prospect of a long perhaps final separation from many who have lavished upon me much disinterested kindness, and towards whose amiable qualities I have an affectionate leaning. Hongkong has been, since my residence here, a place of such large resort. Armies and fleets and diplomatists, and passengers and traders, and travellers and artists, have come like shadows and so departed, in a Macbeth and Banquo fashion—but remaining long enough to allow me in several instances to form friendships with individuals disproportioned to the length of our acquaintance,—and from whom, as well as more especially from my Hongkong associates, I part with sorrow ; and must only hope that the vicissitudes of my future life may again bring us together, and that they may meanwhile, at least, remember me with somewhat of the feeling I entertain towards them.

My lot has been, for the last twenty-six years, a very wandering one, and my loss of, or rather, I trust, separation from, attached friends has received its best solace in the hope of again meeting them. Better be like the dusty miller on the river Dee :

" I care for nobody, no, not I,
For nobody cares for me,"

than care for others, if it were not for this looking to a future meeting somewhere or other, it may be in this nether world, or if not, that our earthly affections are permitted to endure in a brighter world to come.

Other persons about us are holding high converse as to political and

commercial prospects, for example : How, and how long will the Chinese observe the Treaty ? Just as far and as long as it appears to them to suit their interests. What will be the effect of opening this vast Empire to our commerce ? They will ultimately refuse to receive our manufactures : they are so much more ingenious than we are, such wonderful copyists, and work so much cheaper, that there is nothing we can send them that they will not ultimately make better than we can. Cotton is an exception : there, and there only, can we always exceed and undersell them. 200 million pairs of cotton drawers are daily donned in China, and Manchester must for evermore come in aid of the national toilet. This has been recently ably insisted upon by a high authority. But why do all the wealthy class of Chinese absent themselves from the "Barbarian assemblage ?" They are proud and solitary : exclusive are these marvellous Celestials. We laugh at their styling us "Barbarians ;" but we should bear in mind that they have never changed, and are where they were, as to arts and civilisation, exactly as when we painted the sun, moon, and stars upon our naked bodies, worshipped Woden and Thor, and were barbarian enough ; and they change not this disparaging denomination, nor have their own habits or morals ever altered : they are still as they were 2000 years ago, truthless and honestless. But it should also be remembered that neither truth nor honesty are Chinese virtues, but merely exercises of skill, where there is no shame to outwit or to be outwitted.

They have no Christian morality to afford a higher standard of conduct. Each Chinese has his own god, and places the image of his tutelary deity on his chimney-piece, who, being one of the family, is careful of its interests and indulgent to its failings. Not more absurd this than the protection of saints in the Roman Catholic church ; indeed less so, for the hierarchy is limited in numbers, and St. José and St. Barnabas have their hands full of their votaries ; but each Chinese has his own especial god, who has no other interests to regard. They appear to consider, as far as I can make out their theology, that there is one great spirit or concentration of fire : emblematical of, and identical with, such spirit and the individual gods of each Chinaman, the *Dü Minores* on the mantel-pieces are, as well as the dependants on their omnipotence, sparks struck off to be re-absorbed after death in the vast central accumulation, flowing like a mighty river, formed of the eternal and infinite combination of light and life—something as the revolution of the wheels in our own magnetic apparatus is ever producing sparks of fire, which return to swell the stream of which each atom forms a constituent part. All nations which have not the Bible contrive for themselves some system of divinity, and these are rude or imaginative as the people are so themselves. When the prophets of Baal, and the prophets of the groves, cut themselves with knives and with lancets, they must have been a savage and an ignorant people ; and the poor Indian who fancies that, when he is admitted into heaven, he will be accompanied by his faithful dog, is as far below the disciples of Confucius in the poetry and refinement of their faith, as

their wigwams and wampum belts are inferior to Chinese temples and Chinese silks. To go back to the motives of their conduct : it is not found in the romantic honour of chivalry—the one good thing left us by the Crusaders who never travelled thus far East. Mongolia knows not *La Mancha*, and honour is considered a myth, a fiction, a folly, “China-man no have got ;” and this too in the highest places. But the lower orders are as marked in their national peculiarities as their betters. We must acknowledge, however we may boast of our native land, that the China mob, compared with our mob, are stronger, taller, more sober, more abstemious, more cleanly, more tidy, more civil, more laborious, more industrious, more ingenious, more patient, more enduring, more frugal, more indifferent to pain and to life, and equally brave, though not instructed in the arts of war : cruel, and rogues and liars, no doubt ; great scoundrels, undoubtedly : but excellent scamps enough.

The insane, reckless, degrading, suicidal absence of self-reliance, which characterizes our poor in England, is not to be found in China. Poor-houses, alms-houses, visiting societies, relief societies, reformatory societies, for example in our own Metropolis, bring to light the squalor and misery and vice in which so large a portion of our poor are immersed, but seem to do little to mitigate the evil. The gin, the filth, the starvation, the theft, the fever, the stench, the improvident marriages, the promiscuous intercourse, the incest, the moral degradation and misery, the physical decrepitude, the cruelty to women and children, etc. etc., appear to form a leviathan of sin, which turns to the efforts of humanity “its adamantine scales,” and to be anything but subdued.

The hope of real amendment must be founded in the young, and in the change of their minds and habits through the influence of scriptural instruction. Our ragged schools, and other educational institutions, will improve the rising generation, and with them generations yet unborn ; but one’s heart sickens at the apparent hopelessness of improving adult wretchedness and vice ; though it is well and Christian to make the effort, and even hope against hope.

In China every child is taught by the State—of the two hundred grown up millions of this vast Empire almost every soul can read and write. This, to be sure, is not “scriptural instruction,” but it is intellectual improvement, and it is a great thing to unbrutalize men and teach them to think. Beyond this educational care, their Government is anything but a paternal rule : in a famine or a pestilence they are permitted to lie down and die, like the beasts of the forest or the locusts of the desert ; but they educate their people, who are, in their ordinary habits, self-reliant and provident and industrious, and happy, in consequence, to an extent that would be little believed or comprehended in localities named (as if it were in bitter mockery and derision) “Paradise Row” or “Angel Place.” And it is well for us that they are ignorant of the arts of war : as soon as they attain these we shall be served with “notice to quit,” unless they clearly perceive that we benefit them. Our sole, exclu-

sive, earnest, never wavering policy therefore should be, not to endeavour to intimidate a people brave as ourselves and numerous as the sand of the sea—for when the drill sergeant finds his way amongst them he will show the fallacy of such an attempt—but to let them see clearly that they are the better for having us. If that conviction obtain, then, when the hour and power for our ejection arrives, John Chinaman will not enact “John Thrustout,” but our good and faithful friend, and he will exclaim: “*Hi Yau*, but we shall let the outer Barbarian remain in the abodes of everlasting felicity.”

But who is the handsome Jezabel, who has tired her head and painted her face, and looks out from the window of her palanquin? She is a first chop amongst the Chinese *élégantes*, who sat by my side at a festival at Hoon Ching's—a gastronomic exploit which I am not likely to forget. We were assembled, some fifty guests, in a noble room round a beautifully laid out table, at the head of which sat our Chinese entertainer, and between the gentlemen were placed members of the best of the native sisterhood painted and decked out. My guardian (shall I say angel) was a slight girl, about 5 feet 8 inches high, and very erect. She wore two broad braids across her forehead and the luxuriant black hair was plaited and dressed out in the most marvellous manner. Her cheeks were rouged, and the pigment was applied in a marked patch; not softened off as we see elsewhere, but with a hard edge. Her eyes were small, almond shaped, deep set, and turned up at the corners; her teeth were small, white, and regular; her dress consisted of one long garment, like an overgrown night-shirt, fastened at the throat by a gold button; and round the neck was worn a handsome necklace. The material of the dress was thick soft silk, which fell (*exprés par hazard*) into the shape of the bust and figure, and had a very statuesque and draped and graceful effect. Her hands showed through the wide open sleeve; these were small and well shaped, and though the nails were longer than we approve of, they were not a positive disfigurement. Her feet were encased in embroidered slippers, and as they were occasionally visible below her long loose trousers I could see that they were small and of a natural shape, short and with an high instep, not doubled up *a la Chinoise*. This nuisance is fast abating; indeed it never reached to any great extent, beyond two provinces; and the idea that every female foot in China is a club foot, is a popular error. She held a fan and a handsome pocket-handkerchief, one in each hand; the former implement she flirted about as if she had taken lessons at Cadiz or Seville. Our discourse was not very edifying, seeing that neither of us understood a word spoken by the other, and I therefore cannot pledge myself as to the intellectual properties of my amiable neighbour, but I describe her personal appearance for the benefit of my readers. The other fair bodkins were all pretty much alike this one (*ex uno disce omnes*), and their office also was to ornament the table and press the guests to eat, both which functions they performed very effectually.

We commenced our refection with the vile bird's-nest soup, followed by fifty courses or dishes, with their respective adjuncts, of each of which we were expected to partake. This operation occupied (with the aid of warm samshoo and champagne for the English) two mortal hours, when we all rose from table, walked about and smoked, and bathed our faces with scalding hot cloths, which were wrung out of basins of water and handed to each guest, and a most refreshing operation it was ; then to the table again, where fifty additional dishes were administered. After this had been gone through, we rose, smoked again, and I retired, not oppressed with food, but having eaten more than I ever attempted before, or hope to do again, at one or at half-a-dozen sittings. The cordiality of the leave-taking was impressive ; the giver of the feast coming close up to each guest, pressing his hands together, shaking them towards the stranger, and repeating "*chin chin*," "*chin chin*," as he moved himself like a pendulum. This oscillation, which brought the bodies into juxtaposition, and also the shaking of the hands towards the departing guest, might be dispensed with advantageously, considering a peculiarity of the higher classes in China ; viz., notwithstanding constant ablutions and much personal cleanliness, they are infested with the odious parasitical vermin which we abhor ; but they altogether approve of, and would consider their death at hand, if these were not forthcoming. We remember the disgust created in England by the mention of this particular in Yeh, and yet the whole Empire seems to be affected by a mild measure of *Pidicularis morbus*, which they cherish and like.

"De gustibus non disputandum est."

But we may now turn our heads towards, and prepare for, another dinner ; for Fortunatus "holds high festival to-night," who would feed us, if we liked, with seed pearls, as the Princess did her parrot.

The "Bit for Bit" system which obtains nearer home has not found its way through the Straits of Malacca, and well that it should not. With us it destroys social intercourse and good fellowship, which are sacrificed on the altar of vanity : formerly *chez nous* a friend was crossed upon and invited to partake of the family dinner—"a leg of mutton and trimmings," like Sam Weller's "Swarry ;" but now the note of preparation must usher in his appearance. The registry is also kept, and those only who invite are invited in return ; but, far worse than this, to a *similar* entertainment. The rich and the poor gentry must provide alike, and this they do to a certain extent. They have both apparently identical dinners and wines and attendants. The one, to be sure, affords food and drink of an inferior quality, and the servants are hired instead of the regular staff. It is a sort of prandial "competitive examination" and the one host takes a first place, and another is all but plucked : the queries in the sheet are alike for both.

Modern dinners have been well compared to "a meeting of creditors ;" whilst the struggling assignee winces under the distribution, watches the

revolution of his gooseberry champagne, but takes care that the same dishes are produced at his humble board, as those exhibited at my Lord Cramwell's : one dinner must be a counterpart of the other—

“Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,
And half the parterre just reflects the other.

But at Hongkong “good men's feasts” are rich men's feasts—(some houses here are allowed £10,000 a year for the table !)—so that cost is no object. If there were any cookery better than French, it would find its way here, and if the fruits were to be of precious stones like those which Aladdin brought away in his bosom from the subterranean garden, something like them—a clever imitation at least—would be attempted by Chinese artists.

Another tubbing and toilet being accomplished, eight o'clock finds a goodly company, consisting of the high officers of the colony, the heads of the several departments, with several merchants and various professional men, as well as military and naval officers, assembled round a board which Epicurus might have envied ; perhaps a little too plentiful, but otherwise in good taste, and everything that a gastronome could desire. The hecatombs of food disappeared but languidly, *faute de tiffin* and heat, but the iced wines were imbibed with much perseverance. The gentleman (for they were all of that sex) sat rather long after dinner, and the talk was unconstrained, intelligent, and agreeable enough. There were no doubt some exceptions to this quality of the article. For instance, two individuals at the lower end of the table talked arrant nonsense ; and yet they were sagacious and successful traders, but the very converse of our Sovereign Lord the King whose word no man relied on, for these never did a foolish thing but never said a wise one—or as Mrs. Quickly has it “a babbled o' green fields ;” but Sir John insisted that “every man knows best how to buckle his own belt”—and these may babble foolishly if they see good in their twaddle. So, *vogue la Galère*, let them babble on ; I dare say it is all right, and I suppose that God, who does nothing in vain, would not permit so much folly in the world if it were not for some wise purpose. But, hark ! what music is that sounding in the street. It is not “the lascivious pleasing of the lute” through the open casement of some Hongkong beauty, nor the notes of the Chinese Paganinis sounding “harsh discords” on their one-stringed instruments, and singing, as they do with their falsetto voices, as if it were a chorus of their shrill toned sisters ; it must be the tuning of the band for the ball of this evening.

We have had enough of after dinner talk, which has begun to merge into shop and grow tiresome ; and if the writer of Ecclesiasticus could find no wisdom in them whose talk was of fat oxen, we may take exception to those whose talk is of fat investments. So, *vamos vamos Caballeros*, let us go to the ball.

The music sounds louder as we approach the Club house, and we speedily reach its door and enter its drawing-room, now *salle de danse*—a

spacious apartment which Sir Christopher Hatton might have marched up, turning out his toes, to *danse a couranto* or tread a measure with the Virgin Queen, had she visited China; but where now Hongkong capital had assembled.

“ Its beauty and its chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men.”

The “brave men” were certainly altogether too numerous for the fairer portion of the company, and the dresses were as diversified as a book of patterns.

“ Grim visaged war had smoothed her wrinkled front,”
and the sharers in the glorious events of the Peiho and Peking, whose exploits were more romantic than romance, had assembled here—in every variety of uniform and costume—as if it were a dancing battle-field or a military fancy ball.

The ladies, about thirty-five or forty in number, were dressed *à quatre épingles*, and all in the latest Parisian finery: some were pretty enough. The lady of the blue barouche was a fine, handsome woman. There is a well dressed, nice-looking creature, leaning her pretty figure on the arm of her husband; and there are others *tres belle*. This one whom I particularize is, moreover, the best *danseuse* at Hongkong.

Dancing, to be sure, is no great merit or social excellence; neither Terpsichore nor Vestris could probably have made a pudding or a gown; but it is good to do best what so many endeavour to do well, and it is astonishing the energy and zeal with which dancing is followed out in this torrid island. The heat is bad enough in subduing our men; but is twice worse with the fairer and weaker part of the community, who are disqualified from almost every exertion which does not relate to dress or amusement.

But I must have done. I regret that, preparing for my departure, I have not the power of writing which would enable me to describe more touchingly all that I truly feel in leaving friends who, as I have already said, were many of them friends indeed and in truth. That my regrets cannot be wedded to immortal verse and celebrated in musical strains, is to be regretted. Byron, Moore, and the more illustrious Bard of Avon delivered their valedictions from time to time and their sorrows in song: we remember how the former

“ Tuned his long farewell in the dim twilight
Whilst to the elements he poured his last good-night.”

Or one may look at the ruder lay of the sailors’ minstrel, Dibdin:

“ Farewell and adieu to you Spanish Lay-dies,
Farewell and adieu to you Lay-dies of Spain;
For we’ve received orders to sail for old En-ga-land,
And probably ney-ver shall see you again.”

I must hasten the preparations for my departure, or as Moore has it, when he leaves Halifax for his “fast and coming flight;” which he commemorates in his silky numbers.

Farewell then, a long farewell, to Hongkong balls and re-unions, and hospitalities, and pains and pleasures—for of this tangled web is our life composed—I shall dwell on them all as retrospective, and contrast them with anticipations of the future.

And thus it is we live in a dreamy remembrance of things gone by, and a dreamy expectation of things to come, more than on the events of the day and hour, and it is probably wisely so ordained. Without the vivid recollection of the past we should have no exercise for our experience, nor be susceptible of the wholesome intimations of our conscience; and without our equally vivid speculations on the future, we should have no plans nor purposes to engage our hope for this life, or enable us to “rest and expatiate on a life to come.” But farewell, Hongkong! may your shadow never be less, nor the fame which you shed upon the fortunes of the old Ocean Queen.

LINES

WRITTEN BY GARIBALDI WHEN IN EXILE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. H. M. CAREY.*

A KING!—my Kingdom is the forest dim,
My sceptre is the pine tree's lofty grace;
My throne, the group of rocks so dark and grim
That girdle round my desert dwelling-place.

My torch, the lightning's blue sulphuric gleam
That sheds on all around a mystic light;
My voice, the sound that breaks the shepherd's dream,
The roar of thunder in the storm-tossed night.

I am a King—but one proscribed and lone,
No shelter can I give my loved one's head;
And Margeretta, like her lord, must own
We have no refuge but the peasant's shed.

Till the great day when brighter worlds shall dawn,
Our nuptial couch must be the mossy stone,
And we must share with birds and timid fawn
The Royal Empire of our forest throne!

* These lines were given to Mrs. Carey by a French lady, who had them from an intimate friend of Garibaldi's.

POPPLETON WAGGS.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

Mr name is Poppleton Waggs. I am principal clerk to an eminent solicitor in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, and am a married man, being the husband of one of the sweetest, rosiest cheeked, and loveable darlings, that ever a mortal was blessed with. I likewise possess three *wee* counterparts of my own humble self, whose innocent prattle resounds across the little garden plot in front of my villa, as I return from my official duties each evening. Mrs. Penelope Waggs, or, as I familiarly term her, Pennie (and a good Penny piece she is), possesses very few, if any, of those little failings which envious and ill-natured critics have maliciously attributed to the weaker sex, as if the men were the only infallible beings in existence. As to myself, I possess the reputation of being a good-natured, domesticated sort of a fellow, and one who never grumbles about playing the second fiddle in society, or making myself miserable about trifles; while, as if nothing was wanting to complete my happiness, I am the sole owner of the little villa in which I reside, besides enjoying a comfortable annuity under the will of a deceased aunt. (Bless her memory!)

Surely, if ever a man *ought* to be happy, that being should be myself: yet, alas! it is not so, for I occasionally feel myself to be one of the most miserable creatures in existence, and while in that morbid state of mind, take an unnatural delight in perusing the accounts of deaths by suicide, and feel an irresistible impulse to ascertain the thickness and strength of any hempen materials which may fall in my way; or to test the keenness of newly sharpened razors; or compare the relative strength of prussic acid and strychnine. I have purchased "Taylor on Poisons," a Colt revolver, and an ounce of Belladonna. Once or twice I've looked over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, with such an earnest gaze at the black, turbid stream below, that I heard the policemen whisper each other to "keep a hi hon im." Railway porters have frequently warned me against remaining near the edge of the platform, and pertinaciously dogged my steps whenever I had occasion to cross the rails; while in the carriages I cannot help hearing surgical-looking gentlemen exchanging mysterious hints respecting shaven heads, strait waistcoats, and padded cells. It is perfectly intolerable. I won't endure it; no! that I won't! What is the use of giving a man the means, if he mustn't be happy? I want to be cheerful and contented, and I cannot! *Why?* Well I really do not know, nor can I hazard a guess; all that I am certain of, is, that I am *haunted*! Do not think me superstitious, for I

earnestly assure you that I am not so. I consider spirit-rapping to be an unmitigated humbug; the Cock-lane ghost, a paltry piece of tomfoolery; and Swedenborgism, a fanatical creed. I am not afraid to walk—and without whistling too—through lonely churchyards at midnight. I can sit in a dark room without feeling any fears steal my courage away. But this mystery which haunts me, really gives serious cause of alarm. In vain have I perused treatise after treatise, and waded through an ocean of pamphlets, on animal magnetism, celestial attraction, the *Od* force, electro-biology, spiritualism, and other out-of-the-way phenomena. I am no nearer the solution of the mystery than at first. I am perfectly conscious that we are subject to unseen influences, and that the secrets of the invisible world are sealed against mortal knowledge, but still *that* is no reason why I—Poppleton Waggs—should be selected for a victim. If a victim be wanted, why not select some other and more adventurous individual than myself, whose dreams soar no higher than the cosy enjoyment of connubial bliss at Honeysuckle Villa? Why should I be so persistently haunted by malicious spirits whom I only know by the name of “THEY?”

What are THEY—whence do *they* come—what do *they* want—what is their motive—what injury have I done them—and a thousand similar questions arise in my mind as I ponder on the circumstances. Why do “THEY” take such an absorbing interest in my affairs, that they haunt me night and day, sleeping or awake, at home or abroad, in-doors or out of doors, up-stairs or down-stairs, in fact, everywhere? Why do “THEY” pry into my affairs, peep into my chests, watch me at meal-times, gaze into my cupboards, weigh the last ounce of butter, examine the edibles, sip the wine, taste the cream, ascertain my thoughts, learn my intentions, forestall my desires, foretell my resolves, predict my actions, and so on? but always *incorrectly*.

Mrs. Waggs confesses that she has secretly poured over old works on witchcraft, consulted celebrated mediums, and even, in despair, sent for Zadikel, the prophetic almanac maker, and professor of the black art, who advertises that he predicted everything, from the cold caught by the hereditary Grand Duke of Bumblebumchops, to the late unfortunate occurrence in connection with the disappearance of my gold-headed cane and silver-rimmed specks. In vain! We are as far off from a solution as ever, nor can we by any means ascertain anything respecting the nature, form, and appearance of the beings which cause us such annoyance; although it is very extraordinary that nearly everybody whom we have spoken to, appears to have possessed some indefinite kind of information respecting them. Therefore I have ventured to appeal to the readers of “*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*,” in the hope that some of them may be kindly induced to enlighten me on the subject, before my mind, by giving way, realizes the gloomy predictions of police men and railway porters.

I pay my rates and taxes with the utmost punctuality, yet “THEY”

insist on the contrary, and assert that they know my affairs better than I do myself—that I have pawned my coat in Seven Dials, and have not the means to redeem it—that I am about to be sued by Centpercent, the bill discounter—and that I am utterly bankrupt. “THEY” state facts respecting me, at which I am fairly staggered. For instance, “THEY” will state that I have been scolding, beating, or otherwise ill-using Mrs. W.—thrashing the children—throwing a poker at the “poor little baby”—kissing the fat cook—romping with the serious housemaid—and saucily chaffing the dustman. “THEY” will furthermore assert that I stopped out all night with the “Sons of Harmony”—that I was brought home, highly elevated on a shutter, by four policemen, at three o’clock in the morning—that I made teetotaller Dobbs break the pledge, and sing “The Pope, he leads a happy life,” at a temperance meeting at Exeter Hall—and that I wanted to poison the washerwoman, because I didn’t like cold mutton for dinner on a washing day. “THEY” state that the butcher has refused me credit, that the baker has stopped the supplies, and that I am (oh! shade of Jupiter) a poor, mean-spirited, selfish, quarrelsome, ill-natured, ungrateful, malicious, spiteful, angry, envious, untruthful, dishonest, drunken fellow; together with a great deal more information of the same extremely pleasant description. Now, even a worm will turn when trodden on, and is it to be expected that I—poor Poppleton Waggs—can continue to be all this in silence. No! it is contrary to human nature, therefore I implore of the numerous readers of your periodical that they will aid me in my efforts to silence these mischievous spirits, and restore happiness to the cosy parlour fireside of Honeysuckle Villa.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

BY A LANCASHIRE LAD.

THE country at large is now alive to the importance of the crisis which has come upon Lancashire, and as the pressing need for help is so generally recognised, as to make the relief of the distress a national as much as a local work, the various newspapers see the necessity of supplying such information as will guide their readers in the efforts they make for the good of the sufferers. I purpose giving in this article rather a glance at the character and condition of the operatives, than a detailed account of how the distress presses upon them just now.

I know what Lancashire was like when times were good. The tall chimnies, among which the Church steeples stood, belched forth a mass of smoke which made the skies almost ever oblivious of blue. The mill-owners so indulged in luxuries, as to make the better class of shopkeepers quite content with their lot; and the lower class of dealers found plenty of custom and plenty of cash among the operatives themselves. These operatives were, too many of them, forgetful of the wisdom which some of their class found couched in the admonition which bade them prepare for a rainy day. In food, in clothing, in amusements, all they earned was spent, and they seemed never to think of a time when they would not be able to earn what would purchase for them the daily comforts to which they had been accustomed so long. Many others of these operatives were, however, very provident. They had money in savings banks; they invested in building societies; they sought to unite the functions of the capitalist and labourer. The sums thus accumulated were very large, and these operatives, at Rochdale and elsewhere, were solving for themselves, and for others, one of the most important social problems of this age. They were not solving this problem without intelligence. Rapid as has been the growth of intelligence all over the country at large, it has nowhere been so rapid as in Lancashire. Cheap literature has found here its best supporters, and there is now in this county a body of men, low in social position, and even accounted poor, whose mental attainments are of such a character as to place them far above the average of the labouring population. They can reason on matters affecting their business with a shrewdness almost equal to that manifested by most of their employers; they cull from the newspapers the daily or weekly history of the world, and many of them have an acquaintance with general literature which is far from being contemptible. There are some among them who are well skilled in one or other form of literary expression. They write verse and prose. More of them are adepts at speech-

making. To those who know them best the progress they have made is very apparent. Forty, thirty, or twenty years ago they were very different. They had not then the same amount of intelligence; they were not so self-reliant; they were too often the dupes of men who, with the demagogue's glibness of tongue, could lead them from ill to worse, and land them in destitution which was not only hard to bear, but which it was a difficult matter to recover from. Now the demagogue has little chance among them; for whilst they listen to his harangue, they value it at its proper worth, and give no more heed to him than he deserves. The best among these men had many methods of spending their leisure hours when, fortunately for them, leisure hours were not so frequent as now. Everybody is familiar with what Mrs. Gaskell has said about the fondness many of these men have for the study of natural history. They are still what they were when "Mary Barton" was written. Their houses contain—I must, alas! correct myself, and say their houses *contained*—many evidences of day and night rambles in search of insects and birds. Here and there were cottages which might be called local museums, the owners of which were familiar with the habitat and character of every bird, insect, or other animal which could be found for miles around. Others were good botanists or florists, and there were a few who stored in odd corners of their brains an amount of queer out-of-the-way knowledge for which they rarely obtained credit. There was great hope that the intelligence which was so widely spread would become universal, and that with this universality of intelligence there would also be a vast improvement in the practice of those virtues to which intelligence is ever a good friend, and to which ignorance is ever one of the greatest banes.

Unfortunately, a terrible crisis has come. So much depended upon the material prosperity of the operatives that this crisis is looked upon as threatening an entire wreck of the hopes which ardent believers in the progress of our race had entertained. The mills are closed. No more the smoke rushes black and dense from the tall chimnies; we can see the blue of the sky; but whilst that is brighter, and whilst the physical atmosphere is less laden with impurity and murk, our social atmosphere is sadly darkened—is darkened almost to night. Our factory operatives are nearly all of them dependent upon others for daily bread; they must either go to the "Board"—which they so hate—or they must go for food to the Local Relief Committee. Small and great shopkeepers feel this crisis much, but upon the operatives it presses with a weight which cannot be described: the homes and the people must be seen, and the present compared with the past. There has been some talk about the descriptions which have been given being exaggerated. Many people come from all parts of the country to judge for themselves, and they all go back with one story: the distress is greater, not less, than it was said to be. To have almost a whole population, which has been accustomed to what may be called good living, so sunk in a few months as to have its means of subsistence averaging so small a sum as it has

averaged in Lancashire for some time past, is to have something which it is terrible to contemplate whilst it is with us, and the results of which will be of the vastest importance not only to the class so nearly affected but to the whole of the country.

This is the pass to which Lancashire has come. We have everywhere great destitution, and it would be almost the easiest task possible to tell tale after tale of extreme wretchedness and want. In Preston the distress has been so intense as to give birth to a large amount of disease. Typhus fever, that terrible scourge, has not merely shown itself, but has committed many ravages. Want has so pressed on one girl in Blackburn as to prompt her to steal a bone from a passing dog. In all the towns what savings had been accumulated have now been spent; the most provident have become dependent upon others for what they need of clothing and food. Now that winter has come, clothing and fuel are as necessary as food, and they must be obtained or the operatives will starve.

To meet this distress a great number of agencies are at work. There are the two Central Committees at London and Manchester,* collecting and distributing funds to the different localities; and in these localities have been started various methods of relief.

I feel that it would scarcely be right to put down my pen without paying some tribute to those who have contributed to the various relief funds. I have in my possession letters from all parts of the country, showing how deeply anxious vast numbers are to do all they can. I know that there is a great self-denial practised. There is a boarding-school at Brighton, the young ladies of which have resolved to abstain from a common article of food so long as this distress may continue, and what they save by their abstinence supports a large family in the town in which I reside. In other ways, other people deny themselves that they may help those who suffer. I am sure that the vast number who have helped hitherto will now help more, because the need is greater. I am also sure that there are multitudes who have hitherto looked upon what they could give as too small to swell the amount needed, who will now see that even the smallest sum will help. There are now open in all the towns of Great Britain channels through which the poorest may send some help to Lancashire.

* Edinburgh has nobly come forward to alleviate the sad and unparalleled destitution in Lancashire. At the time of our going to press the amount subscribed had reached £13,225. This amount is irrespective of the large and munificent sums given in other parts of the county of Edinburgh.—*Ed. R. S. and T.*

Our Ivory Tablets:

OR

THE LADY'S LITERARY CIRCULAR.

A REVIEW OF BOOKS WRITTEN BY OR ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

POEMS. By WM. C. BENNETT. A new Edition, in one Volume, with Portrait and Illustrations. (Routledge.)

ONE of the faults of the present era, is, that it expects *too much*; and is consequently often disappointed at the amount of work accomplished, when it should be grateful for the labour really achieved. Because this Poet is not a Prophet are we not to listen to the lapsing of his human song-music? Because another writer has not the second sight of inspiration, shall we not turn over his pages pleasantly erudite and interesting? Now in the volume under consideration there is a song for every family household in the three kingdoms: one that may be sung by full-throated happiness; tenderly breathed by young mothers over their cradles; shouted out, with our national war banners floating overhead; or, outspoken words matched to free thoughts, chaunted by the "musical gentleman" at political dinners. No critics can controvert this assertion; let us therefore welcome Mr. Bennett and thank him for what he *has done*, rather than sorrow for what he has neither attempted nor, we think, could accomplish—the writing a poem like Tennyson's *Princess* or Bailey's *Festus*; or such lines as Leigh Hunt wrote on Paganini. These latter make a banquet for the gods: Mr. Bennett gives us whole-some flesh, fowl, and fruit, from which the red blood of healthy thought is composed. This book is embellished with an engraved portrait likeness to the original man, tender and thoughtful face agreeing with the tender and thoughtful mind of the poet; and we may remind our readers that the exceedingly pretty edition now issued by Messrs. Routledge contains the volumes separately issued as "Baby May, and other Poems;" "War Songs;" "Queen Eleanor's Vengeance;" "Songs, by a Song Writer"—besides fugitive pieces on various occasions—and all these constitute one of the pleasantest volumes of miscellaneous poetry lately issued by the popular publishers of Farringdon Street, good judges of an author's

powers of pleasing a reading public. For ourselves, having to assign a place to Mr. Bennett, we find no difficulty in doing so, intimately acquainted as we are with his manifold writings. He sings to the people—for the people—and of the people, in his *pièces d'occasion*. He sings, and that right sweetly, to mothers about their babies and the true-old-love of happy married life. Sometimes, but seldom, he flings off a soldier's song, as national and characteristic as our royal standard, with "*Dieu et mon droit*" ringing out in every line. Place, then, for this poet in the people's libraries, and on the family book-shelf; there he will be welcome, and that is the pleasant place to which his volume gives him a well grounded claim. In notices of some of his works when separately published, several London critics assigned Mr. Bennett a position among authors of loftier achievements, and in justice to the poet's true place,—we give the following "*curiosity of literature*"—printing, side by side, the extracts from a literary contemporary. At different dates the *same* authority thus pronounces different verdicts.

On "Queen Eleanor's Vengeance," published some four years ago.

"He is one of those old-fashioned poets—rare now, and valuable from their rarity—who were not ashamed to speak naturally, like men. . . . As a poem, "Queen Eleanor's Vengeance" is admirable; it has the intensity of tragic fire. It is brief, but pointed and defined as a poignard. His great triumph, in our opinion, consists not in the *kingly manner in which he walks the classic regions of the "gods,"* but in the homely step which carries him through the dwellings of men," etc.

On the Present Volume, 1862.

"We feel bound to say, in our opinion, Mr. Bennett is not a poet. . . . Smooth, facile, and even tender as are many of the songs in the book, we are forced to recognise in them rather the pretty rhymes of the accomplished rhymester than the immortal verses of the true poet. . . . the poet-land which none but more gifted spirits can pass, and which Mr. Bennett never has passed, and, in our opinion, never can pass."

In conclusion, we beg to take leave, by metaphor, of the author, whom we have introduced as a poet whose verses are particularly pleasing to mother-hearts and womanly affections. He does not sit near Apollo in the blaze of noon-day light—his eye is not an eagle's to look on the sun—but he sits down at *our* side by the fire-light, warming human hearts; or he accompanies us through the tender twilight, sharing our thoughts and affections. And, as there are degrees of light, there are degrees in song, and Mr. Bennett has obtained his degree and is certificated by the muses as a poet and song-writer. The following is a specimen, which is a favourite of ours, and here given for that reason: in the volume many are not so good, but there are also several which are better.

FROM INDIA.

"O, COME you from the Indies, and soldier can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O, soldier, say my son is safe; for nothing else I care,—
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer."

- "O I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war ;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are :
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell."
- "And do you know my Robert now ? O, tell me, tell me true,
O, soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you,
His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one !
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."
- "Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there ;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share ;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouched by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."
- "O, thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare ;
O blessed be God, that turned from him the sword and shot away ;
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say !"
- "Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done ;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son ;
A medal and a pension's his ; good luck to him I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."
- "Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue ; O, husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead !
But, soldier, tell me how he looked, and all my Robert said."
- "He's bronzed, and tanned, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same ;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune,
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."
- O is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home ; and when, when will it be ?
Did you say soon ?—"Well, he is home ; keep cool, old dame ; he's here."
"O, Robert, my own blessed boy !"—"O mother—mother dear !"

PAPERS OF AN UNDERGRADUATE, in Verse and Prose. By WM. THRELKELD
EDWARDS. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

It is a pitiable fate, when only twenty-one years of age, to sink and drown under the bubbling waters of a peaceful river. And it is doubly so, when those first twenty years of life have been of more than ordinary promise. Such lot, however, was that of the author of these papers, in which there is abundant evidence of the writer's goodness of heart, a veneration for all the best things the world venerates, and of intellectual powers which, under favourable opportunities, must have made this undergraduate beloved by his friends and respected by society. But we have not to do with the individual and his melancholy fate : it is with his literary remains that we have to deal. These have been collected and arranged, by the author's father, from a mass of MS. ; and we sincerely wish

this task had been performed by other and more experienced hands, for there are many fragmentary crudities which should never have been submitted to the public eye, such as even the author himself, we feel assured, would have rejected a few years later.

The subjects on which the author writes are of that usual miscellaneous order selected by young minds, but they are treated with rather more gravity than collegians commonly display in their juvenile effusions. In their tone they are akin to the poems of Henry Kirke White, but they have not, we must acknowledge, any of the lofty thoughts which elevate the human tender-heartedness of White in all his pieces.

Let us gently stir these dead leaves, and listen to the music in them !

" Like rose-leaves floating on the wind
That leave a sweet perfume behind,"

we shall catch, in the author's own words, many sweet waftings from his poetical rose-leaves. In some lines on Chichester Cathedral, the poet closely follows Keats in his description of the "shrined saints devout, with outspread palms," and "the dragons and pythons grim," of ecclesiastical architecture. The verses on "Sorrow" are smoothly written, and contain a good simile, where the waters of affliction are compared to the Nile flooding and whelming the lands he enriches. There is less literal truth in the lines in which the moon is likened,

" Stars above, below it,
Stars beyond all ken ;
Moving like a poet
Among other men."

Alas ! experience of the world obliges us to say, that poets ordinarily have to move exactly like other people, nor are they outwardly distinguished as the moon is amongst the stars. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and therefore there is truth well expressed in some lines on Shakespeare, when they speak of his birth,

" Where the young being struggled into light,
With all its fair remembrance of the skies."

And we cannot call to mind any four lines about a poet "dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love," which better describe him than these :

" For his eye beholdeth everything,
In the light of eternities ;
Each mystery is a common thing,
And common things mysteries."

That the undergraduate could sometimes write a felicitous line or stanza several pages prove.

" 'Tis twilight, and the distant hills,
Are bluer than the deep blue sky :"

form an exquisite picture of the quiet that is settling on the evening landscape at the close of a fine day. What rest at such time is offered in the

purple shadows that seem to invite all the beings on the troubled earth to be at peace ! There is lightness and softness worthy a poet's sense in

"The plash of pendant willow-leaves,
Prest on the water by the frolic wind :"

an airy and delicate metaphor, as applied to the soft tones of a woman's voice. At page 72, a song-poem on "Charity" (written by request, and set to music for the Cambridge Benevolent Society), is pleasantly lyrical, and may be quoted as one of the best in the volume.

"Unseen by us her tender eyes,
Unseen her glancing wings,
Known only by the tears she dries,
The happiness she brings :
Beloved in heaven and earth is she,
And mortals call her CHARITY !"

"Now is done thy long day's work ;" "Angelhood ;" "Sorrow ;" "Love's Day," are all agreeably written : there is no piece in the volume which runs over more than three or four leaves, whilst there are several fragments of only a few lines. Amongst the various subjects which the volume records, is the "Loss of the Birkenhead ;" that sublime tragedy which in daily newspaper reports made poets of common men, as they read of the thrilling heroism of British soldiers. The undergraduate's lines forcibly enough narrate the terrible incident ; but we only refer to them to point out the fine subject they offer to the painter, as the scene on deck occurs of a simple child, in the dreadful extremity of the moment kneeling down to say, aloud, the Lord's Prayer, as the first thing her terror prompts her to do.

At the end of the book a few prose essays and critiques are printed, and they help us better to understand the powers of the author's mind. Either of them, considered as a college exercise, was worthy of the local journals in which they were first published. They display a discriminating taste, and assure us that the author, in riper years, would have written better verses than any in the present volume. The lot, so suddenly and sadly ended, promised to be that of an accomplished, noble-hearted gentleman possessing a receptive capacity to enjoy the works of poets, rather than to create new poems.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH. A MEMOIR OF JOHN WILSON, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By his Daughter, MRS. GORDON. (Edmonston & Douglas.)

IN a Magazine printed by women, we cannot forget to recal some of the successes which lady authors have achieved in paths that have been considered mazy and difficult for men to tread.

Some years ago, when the authorities of the Sydenham Crystal Palace were looking about for authors of their Handbooks—when Mr. Owen

Jones took one division, and Austen Layard another—we refer with pride to Mrs. Jameson being selected to write the “Sculpture Handbook.” Again when the “State Paper Office” was made accessible to literary students, we find Mrs. Green amongst the dusty records, and producing the richest treasures in a department of literature not considered attractive to women; and we might go on with the list until we had included many of the most sterling works of the present day. Yet there remained one branch of authorship in which as yet no woman had a distinguished place, and that was as the writer of Memoirs relating to a Man. This empty place is now occupied by Mrs. Gordon, who has, in the very interesting life of Professor Wilson, proved that the female mind can comprehend whatever is honest and genial in a man’s character. In these “Ivory Tablets,” our plan does not call for a detailed notice of a book referring exclusively to a Professor’s life, and one which, moreover, was much before the public, and we have only to speak of the manner in which the matter, compiled from Family Papers and other sources, has been executed by a woman.

This may be confidently described in a few words: Mrs. Gordon has presented us with a complete, truthful, animated, and clear narrative of the home and public life of the great and loveable man, her father. His birth, education, marriage, loss of fortune, and ultimate successful pursuit of wealth and fame, and the incidents that made up the sum of his life, are all set down; and the result is one of the most complete biographies which has been given to the world. The life of Christopher North was one the public wanted to know about, and in these volumes the current of events flows on naturally, picturesquely, and in that perfect order which shows the man with the breadth of an oil painting and the delicacy of a photograph; and for this portrait we thank the hand of a loving daughter. The picture has all the strength that affection could give it, without marring it with the weakness of partiality.

Our Orchestra Stall.

OCTOBER 4.

Surrey Theatre.—The "Medal of Bronze" produced, to inaugurate the commencement of Mr. Shepherd's sole management. M. Vollaire has translated "*La Bouquetière des Innocents*," produced some months ago in Paris, and Mr. H. G. Plunkett has adapted and improved the original play to suit an English audience. The drama is an historical one of high pretensions and of more than average merit. The time is 1610-17, before and after the death of Henry Quatre. The story is interesting. *Henriot*, a natural son of the King, seeks to discover the accomplice of his father's assassin, and has a clue in the half of a bronze medal found on the murderer. This accomplice is the powerful *Marquis Concini*, who had given the medal amongst other money to a dealer in second-hand clothes who disguised the assassin. After much suspicion, and the prosecution of an innocent man, the proof of *Concini's* guilt is on the point of being established, but the secret evidence has been overheard by the wife of the Marquis, and she makes an attempt to secure the piece of the medal, attacking, with her own hand, the innocent man who is in possession of it when she meets him by moonlight in a cemetery. This scene is one of the deepest interest, and shows the pages of history are as full of sensational episodes as any playwright can desire. In the concluding act (the fifth), King Louis discovers the Marquis's guilt, and he is struck down by the royal guards on the staircase of the Louvre, with the horrible suddenness of the fate he plotted against his sovereign. His wife and the Florentine courtiers are banished, and France is rid of her secret and worst enemies. The military processions, the old world pageantry, the meeting of conspirators, and the royal surroundings of this drama, combine to make it one of the richest in legitimate spectacle, as well as exciting through legitimate interest, that has been represented on the London stage, and the popularity it must attain will be deserved. The greatest compliment to the Surrey company is to say, it is fully equal to represent this gorgeous drama.

OCTOBER 8.

Sadler's Wells.—The "Willow Marsh," by Adolphe Faucquez, produced. An adventurer discovers the secret of a second marriage which a noble lady contracted after her first marriage during the Reign of Terror. The heroine escapes the tyranny of her first husband by flying to America, where, after a time, the news reaches her of her husband's death. Thus, as she believes, free, she marries a French nobleman and returns to Paris, but finds the wretch, who had compelled her to marry him, yet alive. But he only seeks advantage, from his position, to extort money from his wife, and drives her to get him appointed steward to her second husband, whom he can thus more securely pillage. The events that grow out of this frightful position, the attempted murder of the nobleman in the "Willow Marsh," and the ultimate fate which overtakes the villain, form a series of painful scenes which excite interest throughout the piece.

The Scarlet Flower is a tale yet running through the numbers of a cheap periodical; but the plot has already been adapted to the stage at the Britannia and Effingham theatres. The story is that of Romeo and Juliet translated to English

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families, and with much of the poetry changed to villainy in its course. A *Scarlet Flower* is mysteriously associated with the fortunes of both families, and thus gives its name to the piece.

OCTOBER 13.

"*Lost and Found, or The Adventures of a Pocket-book,*" is the name of a new piece, by Faucquez, at the Pavilion. We notice its plot as both novel and curious, and as enlisting sympathy for our gallant allies. The hero is a poor Frenchman, named *Rousseau*, who speaks throughout in broken English. Friendless and poor in a strange land, he suffers great vicissitudes, but gets employment in a factory, from which an ill-natured foreman discharges him. Driven by distress, *Rousseau* turns highwayman; but he is only a French highwayman, and the English traveller collars and masters him, and subsequently prosecutes the half-hearted robber, who gets transported for fifteen years. Returning to England, at the expiration of his sentence, he finds on a bridge the pocket-book of a Sir William Lovel who had thrown himself in the river, having first converted all his estate into notes, which are left in the book for the first chance comer. Further complications arise: *Rousseau* has to fight a duel, by which he rids himself of two of his enemies, but then the man who should have been drowned was not, and arrives on the scene in time enough to receive from the honest dying Frenchman his pocket-book and bank notes.

"*Thrown upon the Mercy of the World,*"—A new drama, by Mr. Hazlewood, produced at the Britannia theatre. The interest of the audience is taken up by *Florette* (the foundling of a generous actress), whose mother is dead, and whose father has joined a troop of brigands. When the heroine is at a festival, and now a grown up and beautiful girl, the Captain of the brigands and his Lieutenant present themselves under the names of a Baron and his Secretary whom they have robbed and imprisoned. The brigands (the Lieutenant being *Florette's* father) are, however, detected, but escape and carry off *Florette*, who has to live with the gang. Through an attempt to escape she is sentenced to death, and her unsuspecting father is ordered to execute the dreadful sentence. Of course he discovers, at this point, that *Florette* is his child and tries to leave the brigands with his daughter, but he is pursued and only saves her after many struggles and by the drowning of the cruel brigand chief. A grand arctic transition scene occurs, where the blocks of ice give way and the frozen in steamer once more gets free, vividly recalling the pictures of Sir John Franklin's ship.

NOVEMBER 3.

English Opera House.—"Love's Triumphs" is the name of the new opera by Mr. Wallace, produced at Covent Garden. It is one more successful work to add to the lengthening repertory of English operas, and will form, through the winter season, a delightful evening's amusement whenever it is alternately given with other of our most popular pieces. It is the joint production of Mr. Planché, one of our oldest and most successful playwrights, and of the most ambitious of English composers; it has had every advantage of being brought out by a management lavish of stage accessories; and its representation by the Covent Garden orchestra and company achieved for the new opera, on its first night, a great triumph, which the exhaustive criticism of the London Press, on subsequent performances, has unreservedly confirmed. We need therefore only record in "OUR ORCHESTRA STALL," the story which has been surrounded by all the successes that music, scenery, and good acting can bestow on a dramatic legend. *Teresa*, the heroine, a Burgomaster's daughter, and *Adolphe*, the hero, love each other; but Van Groot the father rejects the wishes of the lovers, and affiances the beautiful girl to a dissolute courtier, named *Cuvillac*. In despair *Adolphe* seeks employment in the army, willing to throw away his life in

honourable perils. Now the chief equerry to the Princess Royal of France, a "Marquis de Pons," is under heavy obligations to Adolphe's father, and feels therefore bound to advance the son's interests, which he does by introducing him to Court, and obtaining for him a place of honour near "Mademoiselle de Valois," who bears an extraordinary likeness to the Burgomaster's daughter. Whilst in attendance on the Princess at a wolf hunt, Adolphe saves the Princess's life and in the struggle with the wolf drops Teresa's miniature, which on being picked up is restored to the Princess, whose portrait it is supposed to be. This circumstance increases the tender feeling with which the Princess begins to regard her deliverer, in whom she is fain to believe exists a secret passion for herself. In this position of affairs, Van Groot arrives at Court and is mystified by the resemblance of the Princess to his own daughter, but having a duplicate portrait, the likeness of the Princess and Teresa to each other is established, and the mystery cleared up. The Princess then with right royal magnanimity resolves, at the cost of her own feelings, that the lovers shall be happy. Through her influence the engagement of Teresa with the nobleman is annulled. Adolphe is advanced in honours and wealth, and is united to the Burgomaster's daughter, but not until the Princess has been witness of an interview in which she sees the *living portrait* of herself, and which dispels any lingering doubt that remained of her own charms having created an impression on the lover, whose bewildered attentions to his royal mistress had been offered in doubt if she were not really his heart's queen. Village dances, hunting parties and tableaux, court circles, and lover's interviews, form a series of delightful scenes, and the several emotions arising out of the above plot furnish themes for music, of which the composer has possessed himself with a mastery that in the result forms the beautiful opera of "Love's Triumphs."

"A *Southerner Just Arrived*," a farce, adapted by Mr. Horace Wigan, was brought out this evening at the Olympic theatre. A Manchester merchant, formerly dealing in slave-cotton, becomes, in his retirement, a philanthropist and friend of the black race. Whilst expecting a runaway slave, to whom he has promised an asylum, a jackanapes comes down a chimney in his endeavour to escape a thrashing imminent from a love intrigue. The sooty gallant, seeing how the ground lies, attempts to pass as a veritable nigger and out-Sambo's Sambo. This situation makes the fun in this very poor farce; after which the dreariness commences, and the extremely improbable event takes place of the black man being accepted as the lover of the merchant's daughter. We should remind play-goers that they have two prerogatives: the first, the agreeable one of applauding life-like comedy and drama; and the second, a right to hiss and scare from the London boards all such tattered farces, as "The Southerner Just Arrived," whose rags do not conceal their poverty.

Strand Theatre.—"Jack's Delight," a nautical farce, by Mr. T. J. Williams, produced. Mrs. Brush believes herself the widow of a Devonshire sea-captain, and is the mistress of a secret, implicating a retired linen-draper in smuggling transactions with her husband. Occasions arise, in which the draper assures the widow that his son is in love with her, which the son is not. However, Mrs. Brush accepts the overtures, and takes steps to marry the lover off-hand. To postpone this event, both father and son disguise themselves as sailors and pretend they bring messages from the dying captain. Either of these false messages bid the widow take a course different to that she has adopted. Mrs. Brush, although not an *old salt* herself, soon sees through the disguises of the pretended sailors, whose stories do not at all agree. In this dilemma, news arrives of Captain Jack's arrival in port. Mrs. Brush is the happy wife instead of a lone widow woman, and the draper's son is free to marry, as he intended. The comical assumption of sailor character is a subject for genuine laughter, and the situations, although very funny, are not very improbable.

NOVEMBER 10.

"*Camilla's Husband*."—A three act drama, by Mr. Watts Philips, brought out at the Olympic theatre. The time is fixed just "one hundred years ago," 1762, and the scenes occur in various parts of merry England. The heroine, *Lady Camilla Hailstone*, is an heiress, embarrassed by one condition of her father's will. On attaining her majority she is to receive a large fortune, and, the testator provides, she must on the same day secure and marry a husband to take care of herself and money. In this predicament there is only one suitor, a kinsman, Sir Philip Hailstone, who presents himself, probably from the conditions of the will being unknown to the eligible bachelors of the lady's acquaintance. Rather than marry Sir Philip, *Camilla* prefers the following alternative: On the decisive day she arrives at a country inn; before which is assembled a picturesque group made up of vagabonds, tinkers, and other strollers, and the heiress offers to marry any one of the men willing to make a sacrifice of himself. For his acceding to the lady's wishes, he is to receive a round sum of money, and to stipulate that he will, immediately after the marriage ceremony, part from and never claim his wife. Thus, the condition of the Will will have been observed, and the proud heiress will remain free to follow her own tastes, untrammelled with a husband. Amongst the vagabonds is one, *Maurice Warner*, a rollicking artist, loving art, but thoughtless and dissipated, and willing at times to do the work on which he is now employed; that of painting the sign of the "Red Lion," in payment of the landlord's score. This marriage becomes the event of *Warner's* life. With the bonus he had received, he travels abroad as an art-student; throwing off the worthless surface of his character, and growing stronger and loftier through the healthy aims he has adopted. Returning from abroad, and whilst sketching the Skiddaw scenery, he has the chance to save a lady from drowning—she happens to be his wife. In the lake districts she has been living, surrounded by a brilliant circle of friends, and keeping her marriage secret from all except the hated cousin. In marrying her, *Warner* had agreed to her conditions, with one proviso; that he would never return to her, unless summoned by her own request. In order to thank her unknown deliverer she sends for her husband. At the interview they recognise each other, and Maurice Warner confesses he loves the beautiful *Camilla*; but she disdains his affection, and the artist is too proud and honourable to take advantage of an accidental circumstance. So he again leaves his wife, and successfully pursues his own path, which, in three more years, leads him to wealth and celebrity. His studio becomes the resort of the fashionable world, and amongst other visitors is the master of his and his wife's secret, the disappointed and revengeful *Sir Philip Hailstone*; who, relying upon his practised swordsmanship, provokes a challenge from *Warner*. By this time, *Camilla* has learned to love the genius and prize the affection of her husband, and betrays these sentiments by visiting him and entreating the painter not to fight. She prevails, and the brave-hearted fellow, after a struggle with his insulted feelings, consents to apologize; but his adversary's taunts are so keenly worded, that even the wife resents and bids *Warner* accept the duel. The result of the fight is perfectly satisfactory, for the mean-hearted villain, Sir Philip is quickly disarmed, and the long-parted wife and husband are each eager to accept the limited fate their singular marriage had brought about, despite adverse circumstances. Up to this point the author has made a noble fellow of his hero, certainly equal to mate with the *Lady Camilla*; but Mr. Watts Philips tries to gild the refined gold, and paint the lily of *Warner's* native merits, by that of noble birth. He is discovered to be *Camilla's* cousin, an incident that is revealed by the travelling tinker, *Dogbriar*, in whose company *Warner* was living when he married. Such is the romantic, but not improbable story of this pleasant drama.

CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

OCTOBER 1ST.—WEDNESDAY.

Female School of Art.—Re-opened.

British Association.—Annual meeting, at Cambridge, commenced. President, the Rev. Robert Willis, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy.

National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, has received Guido's picture, "Venus being attired by the Graces."

London Hospitals.—Commencement of students' winter sessions.

Working Men's College.—The patron of this art school, Mr. John Ruskin, introduces his principles in teaching drawing; viz., that "there are no outlines." Perhaps this theory can be maintained; but of the use of *outlines as helps* to drawing forms, there can hardly be a second adverse opinion.

OCTOBER 2D.—THURSDAY.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Inauguration of monument to George Stephenson.

Columbus.—Genoa, on the principle of better late than never, has erected a statue to the great discoverer.

Dusty Streets.—Water from carts has hitherto appeared the readiest way of allaying such nuisance, but Chloride of Calcium has been tried in the Champs Elysées, and will, it is thought, henceforth become a sanitary agent—at the same time keeping the dust down and purifying the air.

OCTOBER 3D.—FRIDAY.

Ray Society.—Annual meeting at Cambridge. £700 was reported to be the Society's average annual income.

France and Italy have completed what is regarded as a model Treaty of International Copyright. "Copy" will be equally protected in both countries.

OCTOBER 4TH.—SATURDAY.

Surrey Theatre.—Re-opened for winter season. A looking-glass curtain is one of the fresh embellishments.

OCTOBER 5TH.—SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 6TH.—MONDAY.

School of Mines, Jermyn Street.—Commencement of winter session.

OBITUARY.—Mr. John Curtis died, aged 70 years. He was the author of "British Entomology," a work containing 800 plates, and his contributions to other scientific books are well known. From the constant use of the microscope he had become blind: an affliction partially relieved by a pension from the Civil List.

OCTOBER 7TH.—TUESDAY.

A *New Volcano* has been sighted in Iceland, and a party of observation forthwith had set out to make a report.

OCTOBER 8TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Horticultural Society.—International Fruit and Root Show, at Kensington.

Lichfield Cathedral.—Diocesan choral festival, in which upwards of fifty choirs take part. The example is likely to be followed in other cathedral towns.

Italian Statistics.—The new Kingdom of Italy has taken stock of its family possessions. The total number of inhabitants is twenty-one millions, seven hundred thousand ! Naples puts forward 9,283,626 ; Piedmont, 7,106,696 ; and the rest is made up by Tuscany and the Duchies, etc. The cities rank—Naples, 417,000 ; Milan, 222,000 ; Palermo, 186,000 ; Turin, 180,000 ; Genoa, 120,000 ; Florence, 115,000 ; Messina, 94,000 ; Leghorn, 84,000 ; and Bologna, 75,000. Truly a royal kingdom !

OCTOBER 9TH.—THURSDAY.

Halcyon's Widow has had a pension of 5000 francs granted to her. When will a musician's widow receive such a sum out of our English Civil List ?

Middlesex Magistrates.—At their meeting refuse to grant Music Licences to several applicants. The proprietors of Music Halls must in future be scrupulously careful in their management, as the refusal of a Licence is, in fact, their ruin. This attempt to improve social morals must be watched to see if the anticipated benefits are realized.

OCTOBER 10TH.—FRIDAY.

Sea Horse.—A specimen of this singular fish, with a head resembling a horse's head, has been obtained for the Zoological Gardens in the Bois de Boulogne.

OCTOBER 11TH.—SATURDAY.

Nationalities.—The German theatre lately established in Paris is to be a permanent institution. It is now open for the winter season. Is this evidence that there are more Germans in Paris than English ? Probably the reason that there is not as yet any English theatre to amuse the swarms of our countrymen who live in Paris, is, that all understand and enjoy the French pieces !

"The Literary Budget."—The life of this periodical ended. It began existence as the "Oriental Budget," was printed in mauve colour ink, and published monthly at 3d. In this form it was quite successful. Next it appeared monthly at the price of a shilling, and obtained a respectable position by its critical essays and reviews, and by its interesting budget of information about literary people and their works. Three months ago the "Oriental Budget" became the "Literary Budget," and was brought out weekly at 3d., and secured for its contributors some of the ablest writers in London. The public welcomed and supported the Journal on its intrinsic merits, and it attained a fair circulation, which increased every week ; but, says the Editor in "Our Last Number," the literary "advertisements," which alone give currency to such a periodical, and which it is inferred alone can pay for the cost of production, were not forthcoming, and the undertaking is abandoned. To this we may add yet another reason : the proprietor, being also the Editor, found the conduct of a literary first-class weekly journal so very laborious, so very vexatious, and so very exigent, that he pitied himself, and having the power to do something more than pity, he pettishly, and wisely for his peace of mind, threw away the rosy apple of management, which is more bitter than any person who only looks at it can possibly believe.

OCTOBER 12TH.—SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 18TH.—MONDAY.

Monday Popular Concerts.—Re-commence at St. James's Hall.

OBITUARY.—Sir Andrew Leith Hay died. Born in 1785, he took part in the Peninsula campaign, which he recorded in two volumes.

OCTOBER 14TH.—TUESDAY.

An Antique Marble Head has been dug up at Lillebonne in France; it fits the statue excavated in 1828 at the Roman Baths, and is placed in the Ronen Museum.

OCTOBER 15TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Hartley Institute, Southampton.—Inaugurated by Lord Palmerston.

OCTOBER 16TH.—THURSDAY.

Passion Week.—The Lord Chamberlain has again rejected the petition of the Church Union. The theatres therefore may be opened in Passion Week as they were last year.

OCTOBER 17TH.—FRIDAY.

30,000 *Wanted.*—The statistics of New Zealand, recently compiled, state the total population of European descent to be 106,209, of which only 38,928 were females. In the last three years the population has increased sixty-six per cent., but relatively thus:—Males, eighty-one per cent.; females, only forty-seven per cent.

OCTOBER 18TH.—SATURDAY.

Schiller.—Inauguration of statue at Mannheim.

OCTOBER 19TH.—SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 20TH.—MONDAY.

South Kensington Museum.—The products of the French colonies at the Great Exhibition have been presented in their entirety to this Institution.

Professor O'Curry's Papers have been purchased, for the Royal Irish Academy, by a grant of £1500.

OCTOBER 21ST.—TUESDAY.

Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.—M. Jules Gerard, the Lion-killer, having been introduced, delivered an address (in French) on his proposed exploring expedition of some 3000 miles through Africa.

OBITUARY.—Sir B. Brodie died. Born in 1783, created Baronet 1834. He leaves two sons—Benjamin Collins Brodie, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, and the Rev. William Brodie.

OCTOBER 22D.—WEDNESDAY.

Rose Colour.—A new process for staining wood and vegetable ivory has been reported to the French Academy of Sciences.

OCTOBER 23D.—THURSDAY.

Berlin.—The capital of Prussia has now nine theatres, two new ones having been lately opened. London, with its three millions of inhabitants, has twenty-five theatres, but sixteen of these are reckoned minor ones; so that Drama in Berlin is much better accommodated. It is many years since any new theatre has been built in London, whilst magnificent music-halls have multiplied in every district.

OCTOBER 24TH.—FRIDAY.

M. Gounod.—The composer of "Faust" has lately superintended the production of his opera in Hanover. The King, in recognition of genius, presented M. Gounod with the Cross of the Guelphic Order.

Statue of O'Connell.—The Dublin Corporation have granted a site at the end of Sackville Street. The statue is to be erected by the Irish nation and the Catholics of the world, and the pedestal proposed is a crag from his native coast on which O'Connell often stood.

OCTOBER 25TH.—SATURDAY.

James Ward's world-famous picture has, at last, been secured for the nation.

Australia.—Landsborough, the explorer, with a small party, has crossed the continent almost in the line the crow flies. Already, there is a project afoot for the construction of a railway, which, not improbably, may pass in twenty years the spot where Burke starved and in solitude laid down to die.

OCTOBER 26TH.—SUNDAY.

OCTOBER 27TH.—MONDAY.

Record Office.—Mr. Henry Cole has succeeded Mr. Walter Nelson (deceased) in the department for Literary Inquiry.

OCTOBER 28TH.—TUESDAY.

OCTOBER 29TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Academy of Music.—Students' Chamber Concert.

OCTOBER 30TH.—THURSDAY.

OCTOBER 31ST.—FRIDAY.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the Poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London."

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